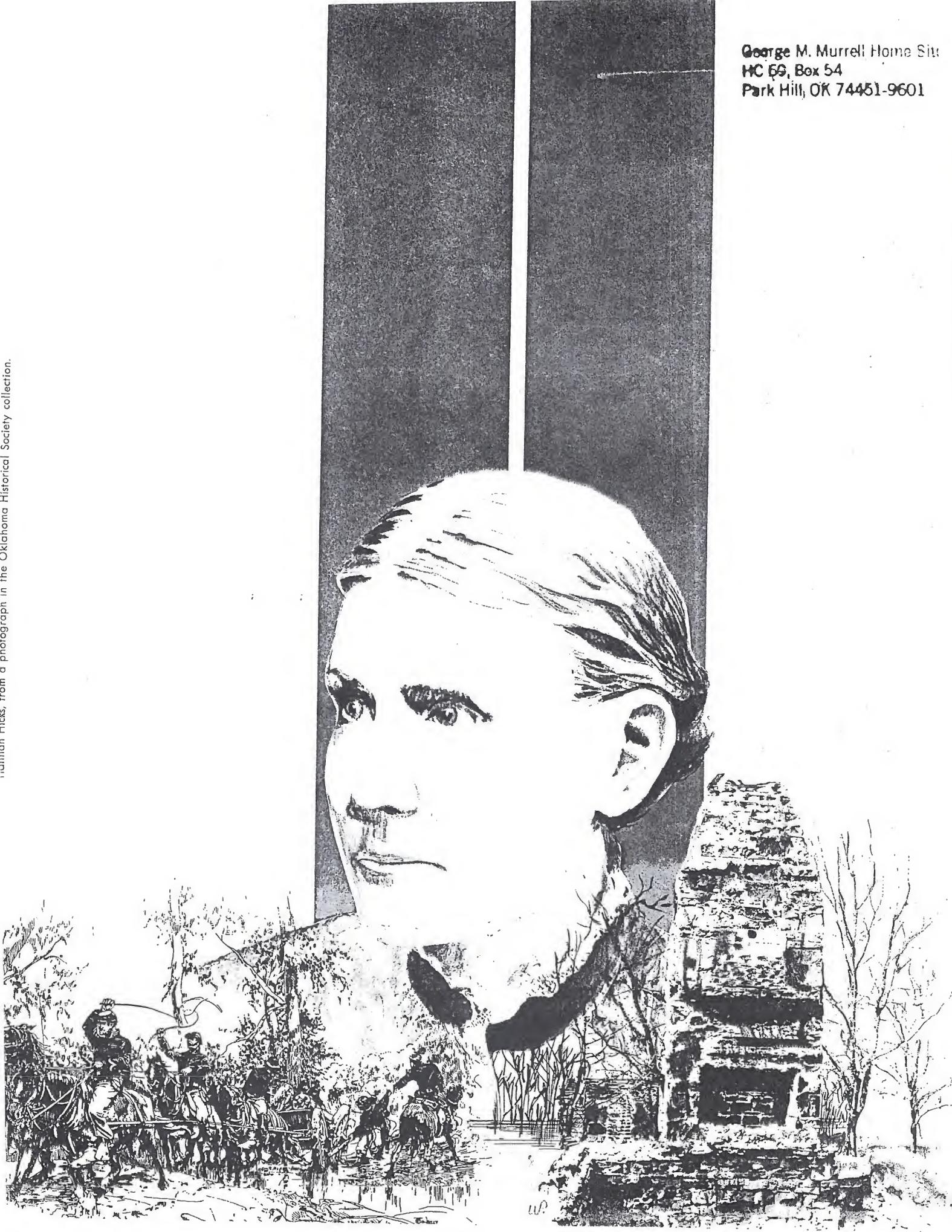


George M. Murrell Home Site
HC 69, Box 54
Park Hill, OK 74451-9601



Human ticks, from a photograph in the Oklahoma Historical Society collection.

Hannah Hicks' Diary, and other valuable Cherokee manuscripts and documents, were the recent gift of her grandson, Homer W. Hicks and his wife, Ferral Hicks of Tulsa. Thomas Gilcrease Institute gratefully acknowledges their donation which, because of related primary material in the Gilcrease collection, is an even more important acquisition.

The Diary of Hannah Hicks is herein presented for the first time in its entirety.

The Introduction to Hannah's diary, and the Epilogue were researched and written by Mary Elizabeth Good, Gilcrease Institute's public information specialist and managing editor of the American Scene.

The Appendix is the work of Mrs. Good and Marie Keene, research librarian and editorial assistant.



he gigantic proportions of the American Civil War cast a dark, influencing shadow over the western country, seriously thwarting progress made by the Cherokee Indians and others of the Five Civilized Tribes who, scarcely more than two decades before, had been uprooted from their ancestral homelands in the Southeast and re-established in Indian Territory.

Just as the United States Government divided internally, so did that of the Cherokees — splitting along shadowed crevices of old tribal discord. Smouldering feuds were stocked with new fuel; trouble found variation in costuming for its familiar cast.

The story of the breach in Cherokee tribal unity began east of the Mississippi years before when, in spite of Chief John Ross' earnest protests in behalf of his people, President Andrew Jackson's unrelenting policy of Indian Removal brought about the grim enforcement of the infamous Treaty of New Echota which was the result of maneuvered negotiations between Federal authorities and unauthorized leaders of a tribal faction — Maj. John Ridge, Stand Watie, Elias Boudinot, and others. Bad feeling remained intense; only a short while after a saddened people completed their long, cholera-plagued journey west to "land beyond the limits of the States," the brutal assassinations of Major Ridge, his son John, and Elias Boudinot occurred "on an appointed day," the work of embittered men whose plans were independently carried out without the knowledge of Ross or Council officials. Only Stand Watie, warned by a child, hid and escaped death.

When the main body of "Eastern" Cherokees arrived in Indian Territory, (Oklahoma) the influential and financially prosperous of the tribe chose to build their homes and center their cultural and religious efforts in

a broad, gently undulating valley which bore a comfortable resemblance to their old lands in the Southeast — a place of wild flowers in the spring, oak and hickory-shaded coolness in summer when the valley was lush green. "The Branch" (Park Hill Creek), clear and spring-fed, raced across flint pebbles to reach the deeper flowing Illinois River. "Old Settlers," or "Western" Cherokees who had emigrated years before into Arkansas and on into this region in 1829, called the community "Park Hill."

In his *Commerce of the Prairies*, Josiah Gregg noted in 1839 that there was not "a regularly laid out town in all the Indian country and no place could merit the name of a village except Doaksville near Fort Towson and perhaps Park Hill" which was near Fort Gibson.

During the score of years prior to the Civil War, progress within the Cherokee Nation was greatest in the Park Hill community. The Cherokee Male and Female Seminaries were erected, each costing around \$60,000. The Female Seminary was the "Mount Holyoke of the wilderness;" education of Cherokee young ladies was not limited to book knowledge, but included training in the meticulous refinements thought essential to good breeding in those days.

Although Tahlequah, the Cherokee Capitol, may have been considered the "heart of the Cherokee Nation," to know Park Hill was to know its pulse. Two churches were holding regular services in Park Hill. Several mills were in operation. There were five busy mercantile stores. George Murrell built a second store in Tahlequah and his long list of goods advertised in an 1844 issue of the *Cherokee Advocate* newspaper indicates a good many residents of the Park Hill-Tahlequah area were in the habit of wearing fine garments. Along with utilitarian items, he stocked such seemingly luxury goods as black and green silks, lace and corded skirts, Irish linen, ladies kid and silk gloves, gents bosoms and collars, black silk cravats, and a rich variety of ribbons and laces.

"Rose Cottage," home of Principal Chief John Ross,

was east of Murrell's mansion, "Hunter's Home." A stately white house surrounded by a rose-entwined fence, Ross' "cottage" could hold forty guests in comfort. It was approached by a driveway half a mile in length which was bordered with many varieties of roses purchased by Ross during his travels.

The Park Hill Mission Press had been in operation since 1837. In Sequoyah's Cherokee syllabary, and in Choctaw, Creek (Muscogee), Wea, and English, the Rev. Samuel Austin Worcester and his assistants, with a Tufts Standing Press and two fonts of type, printed millions of pages of text books, books of the Bible, hymnals, tracts, almanacs, and the like. His press, the first brought to Indian Territory, was set up originally in one of the abandoned buildings at Union Mission on Grand River until the Cherokee Council granted permission to Reverend Worcester to move the operation to Park Hill.

These publications, translations from English into Indian languages, are said to have contributed more to the literacy and culture of these aborigines than any other single agency; both the contribution and the results have been appraised as nothing short of phenomenal.

Reverend Worcester and his wife, Ann Orr Worcester, were missionaries to the Cherokees in the "Old Nation." Hannah, their third daughter, was born January 29, 1834, at New Echota, Georgia. On April 8, the following year, the family started west to make their home and resume their missionary labors among the "western" Cherokee. Fifty-one days enroute, they first stopped at Dwight Mission for a time before going on to Union Mission.

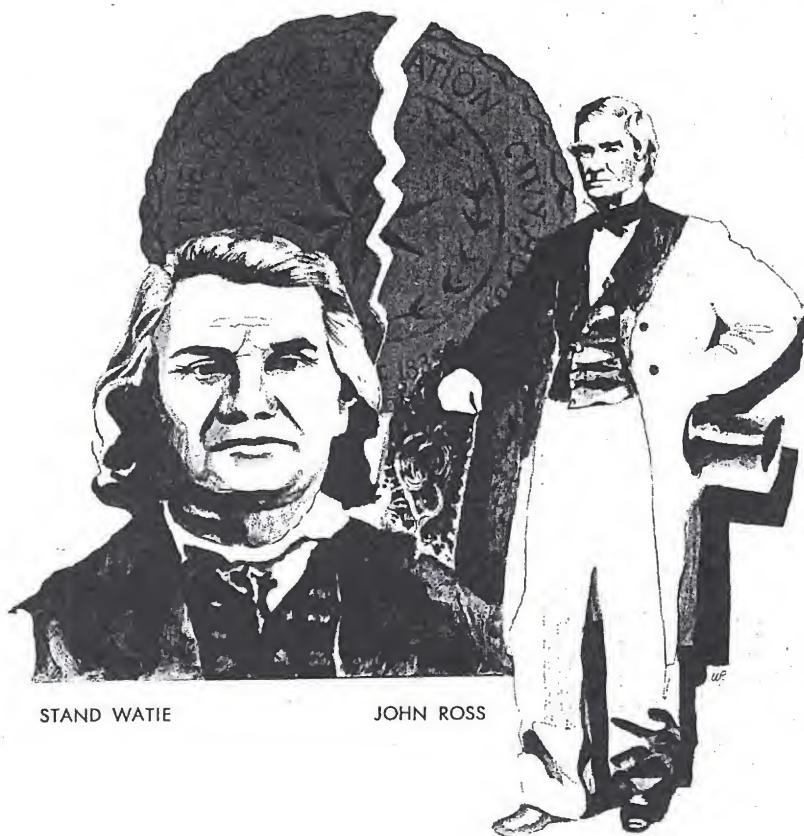
As soon as she was old enough, little Hannah attended her father's Mission Schéol at Park Hill. Within a few years, much of her spare time was spent at the printing office where she learned to sew and bind the books.

When her two older sisters, Ann Eliza and Sarah, were sent East to complete their educations, Hannah was left behind as funds were not available. She continued her work in the printing office as helper and proof reader, and, "by home study nights, contacts with educated people by day, together with the constant use of her 'Webster's Unabridged,' she qualified herself thoroughly to meet the requirements of the age in which she lived." Hannah was also needed to help with the household work of the mission; she made large kettles of soft soap and each week molded the dozens of tallow candles that provided their only light for reading.

On January 30, 1852, Hannah, just eighteen the day before, married thirty-three-year-old Abijah Hicks, son of an early eastern Cherokee chief. Their home at the foot of old Park Hill, about a mile from the mission, was a two-story frame house with fireplaces above and below which Abijah had purchased in the spring of 1847 from Elizabeth Medley. (*The sale document, witnessed by Edwin Archer, was among those donated to Gilcrease Institute by Mr. and Mrs. Homer W. Hicks.*)

Abijah Hicks, who had come over the "Trail of Tears," was considered a successful man, a progressive farmer and stockman; his Indian name was "Corn Planter."

In the words of Emma, their second child: "We were all taught to attend Church services, at an early age, and also family prayers, in the home; we all gathered in the sitting room every day, also the two hired men and Aunt Sallie, the cook, whose freedom was bought by my father."



STAND WATIE

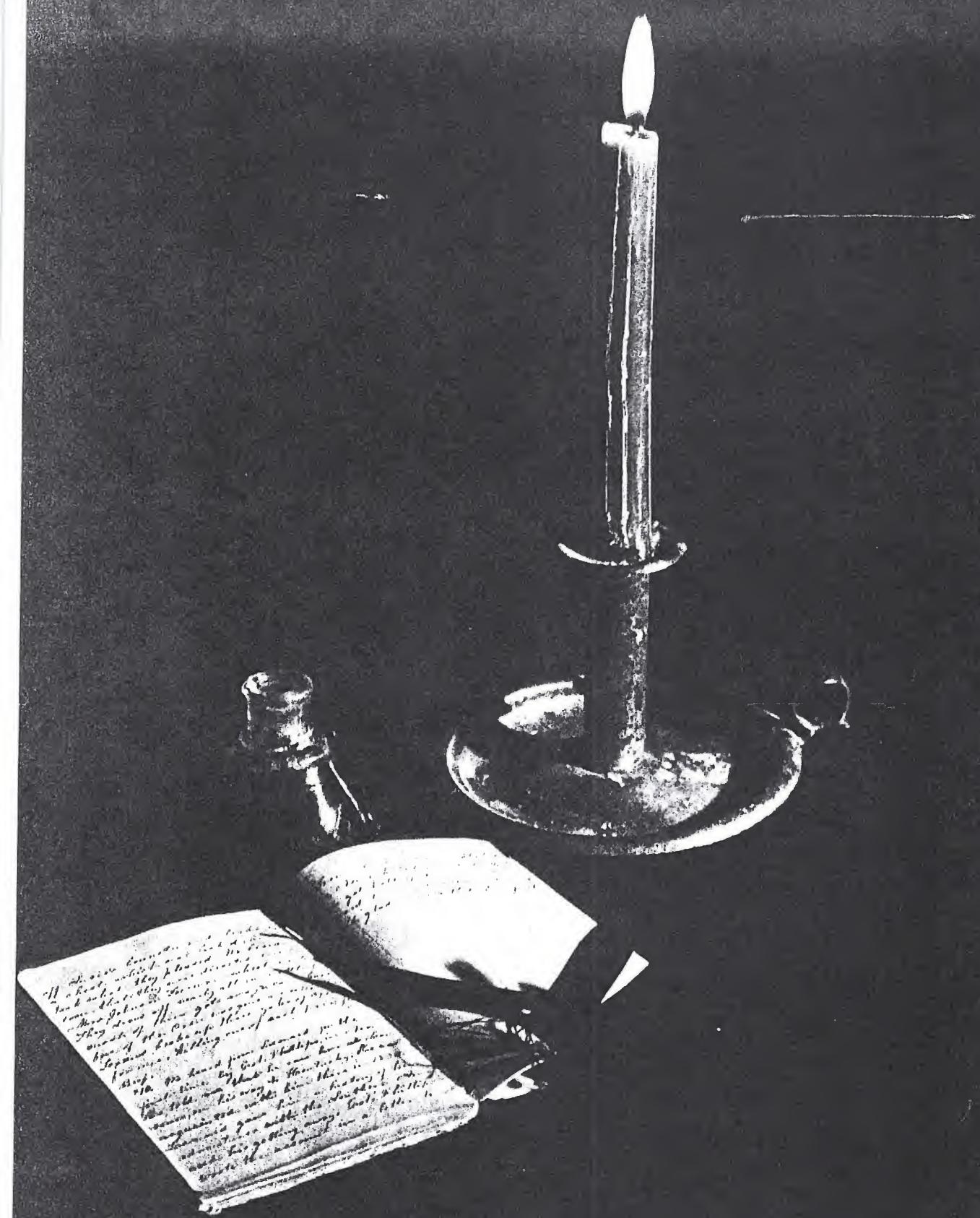
JOHN ROSS

The Worcester home "was a frame building of two stories, clapboarded, but lathed and plastered . . . and well shaded with trees. There was a deep well with pure cold water, the curb being on the piazza." Rev. Worcester, during the last years of his life, was bedfast from injuries incurred when a ladder broke while he was cleaning the sixty-five-foot deep mission well. Hannah and her husband soon moved to the mission house to help care for him, and during that time, Abijah added a room and used it as a general store. After the missionary's death, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions decided to officially close the work at Park Hill Mission and dispose of the property and buildings.

Abijah Hicks was the buyer; his purchase, finalized on the 18th of February, 1861, included "The Dwelling House, Out Buildings, and other improvements . . . The Building used as a School House" . . . and "The Printing Office" which still contained the press, type, and paper. (*This document is another in the Homer W. Hicks collection, donated to Gilcrease Institute.*)

Into the Hicks' first home moved Abijah's sister, Sarah, and her husband, Spencer Stephens.

By the time effects of war between the States were reaching the Indian country, Hannah and Abijah were the parents of five children: Percy, Emma, Edith, Clara, and new baby Herbert.



In May of 1861, the United States troops evacuated Indian Territory posts—Fort Washita, Fort Arbuckle, Fort Cobb. Nearby Fort Gibson had been deactivated in 1857 and turned over to the Cherokees. Federal authorities who, under treaty terms, supplied the Indians with certain necessities and military protection from hostile tribes and renegade whites, now seemingly turned their backs and no amount of inquiries and pleading on the part of Indian leaders who felt loyal to the Union was heeded or acknowledged.

Confederates swiftly occupied vacated military establishments and sent Albert Pike to negotiate treaties with tribal heads of these abandoned peoples.

John Ross initially chose neutrality; Stand Watie gathered his followers at old Fort Wayne on Spavinaw Creek and organized a mounted regiment to ride for the South.

Spurred by the dramatic Confederate victory at Wilson's Creek in Missouri, August 10, the neutral stand, pressured by wavering Cherokees, resolved into an alliance with the Confederate States, which existed half-heartedly less than a year. Before August next, its advocates—virtually en masse—had left the Southern ranks and joined the Union forces.

The Cherokee Nation was split in two! Raiding and pillaging began in earnest!

Hannah begins to pen her story on the Sabbath,

August 17, 1862. She was then a widow of slightly over a month, her husband murdered near Lee's Creek Mission while on his way home from buying supplies in Van Buren for his store.

The Hitchcocks, also "Union" in their sympathies, lived nearby and were a source of comfort to Hannah. Rev. Jacob and Nancy Hitchcock had served many years at Dwight Mission. Their son, Dr. Daniel Dwight Hitchcock, had been married to Hannah's sister, Sarah, until her death, June 30, 1857. His home was only a few rods away.

Also in her initial entry, Hannah writes regretfully of the departure of "dear friends," compelled to seek safety elsewhere; she probably refers to Mary Jane Ross, her children, her father Lewis Ross, a brother Robert Daniel, and her sister Amanda Murrell, with her infant son George Ross Murrell who was not yet old enough to walk.

Because there was no longer any mail service, Hannah's diary was probably written, in lieu of letters, and kept until it could be delivered to her sister, Ann Eliza Robertson, then a refugee with her family in Federal lands east of the Mississippi. It details a time when the Cherokee Nation and all of Indian Territory are still in the hands of the "Secesh" whose principal fortification, newly completed Cantonment Davis, was ominously close—down the road and across the Arkansas River from delapidated, old Fort Gibson. ★

HANNAH HICKS DIARY

Sabbath, August 17th, 1862. Oh! what a year to remember will this year ever be to me and to us all. We thought we had some trouble last year, but how happy was that compared with this. Then, we saw our dear friends depart, to go where we have every reason to think they are living in peace and quietness. 'Twas hard to part with them, yet we knew they were better off than we if they could only get safe through. But this year! On the 4th of July^{*1}, my beloved husband was murdered, killed, away from home, and I could not see him. So far from it—he had been buried twenty-four hours before I even heard of it. Buried without a coffin, all alone, forty miles from home. Alas, alas, my husband. Still the cry of my heart every day, and every hour, is, oh, my husband.

On the 15th of this month my brother D. D. H. was taken prisoner by the Texas soldiers and today they have sent him off to headquarters at Gibson.

God alone knows what next will become of him. But God is able to preserve him, and we will pray continually that he may be mercifully dealt with, and permitted very soon to return. I wrote to the Colonel^{*2} asking his release, having no hope of gaining anything, but feeling that I could not have him taken off without my trying.

Oh God, preserve him. Another cause for trouble is that my darling little Herbert is failing, I fear he cannot be spared to me much longer. How can I give him up? But I must subdue my heart to meet this trial also. If he should grow worse fast, how terrible to have no kind physician to tell me what to do to relieve him. He has been worse today. My poor poor baby. My house has been burnt down, my horses taken but I think nothing of that. How gladly

would I have given up everything, if they would only have spared my husband and my brother. Truly now the Lord of Hosts is our only refuge. Oh that we may have grace to put our trust in Him, and calmly wait for the end.

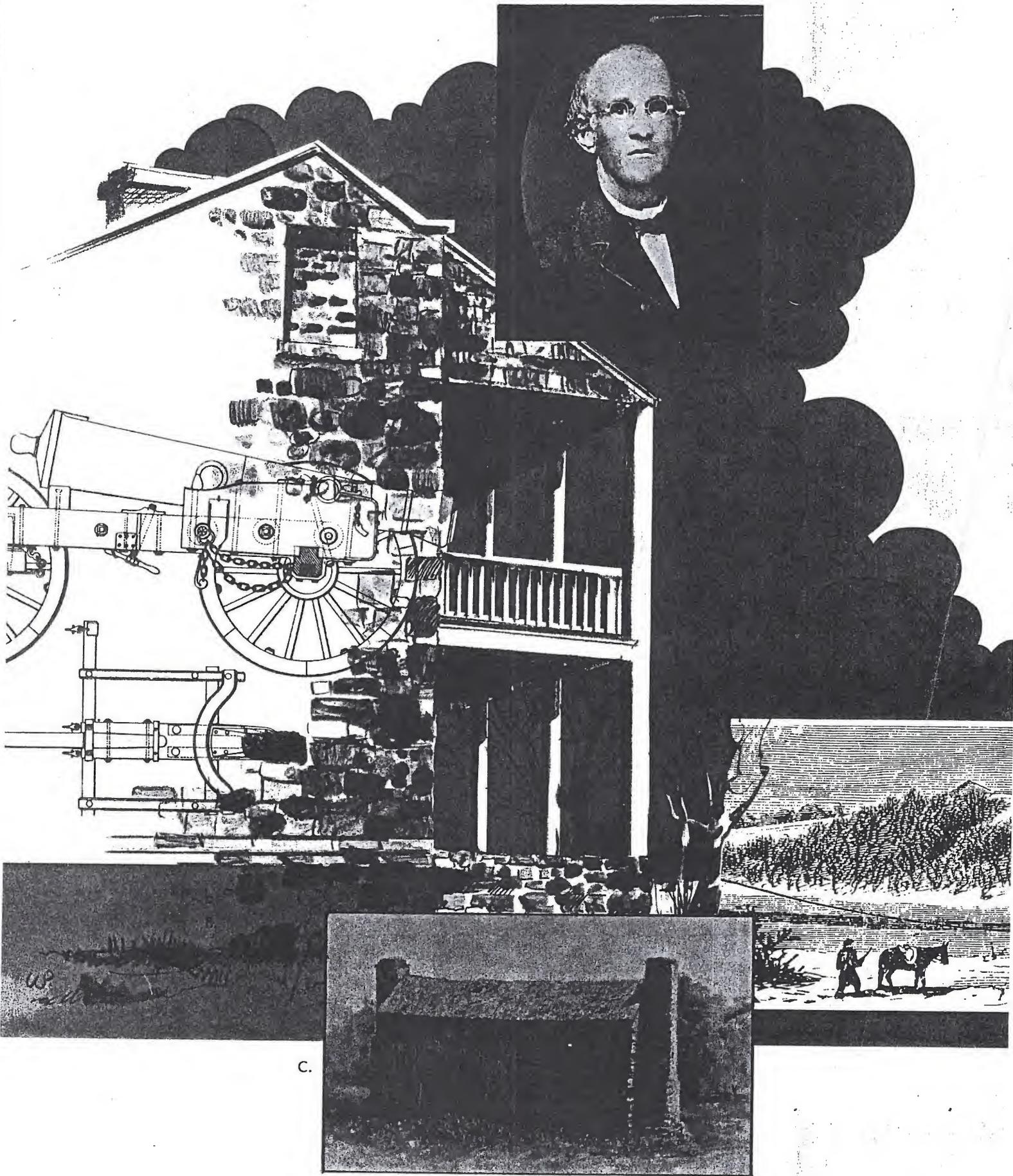
"Oh God our help in ages past

Our hope for years to come
Be Thou our Help while troubles last
And our Eternal Home."

His poor mother and father—I don't know what they will do if he is kept long. They cannot live without him. But we must trust in God.

[Aug - 62] 18th. Let me record tonight with heartfelt gratitude, that we have heard some encouraging word from my brother. One of the soldiers who went with him to Gen. Cooper, came by this evening to let us know that he saw him safely ushered into his (Gen. C's) presence, and that he was very kindly received. From what the soldier says, we may hope that he will be easily dealt with and not detained long. Oh God, grant that it may be so. Mrs. H. is very much relieved, for which I am truly thankful. My baby-boy is still sick, oh that I may be prepared for anything that awaits me concerning him. I know that God is merciful.

19th. Nothing new to be heard today. Oh what a time of suspense. I do so long to know what is going on in different parts of the country. Oh for an end to War. May God in mercy speedily bring peace. Brother D. D. still absent. But we hope he is safer there than here, in this time of trouble. Today the soldiers went to the house where Mrs. Vann's things were, and turned them up at a great rate, took what they could and promised to come back for more. As they have gone with the Federals, they (the Ses)



C.

[Secesh] will not spare their property. "The Lord reigneth." "Give ear Oh Shepherd of Israel — stir up Thy strength and save us."

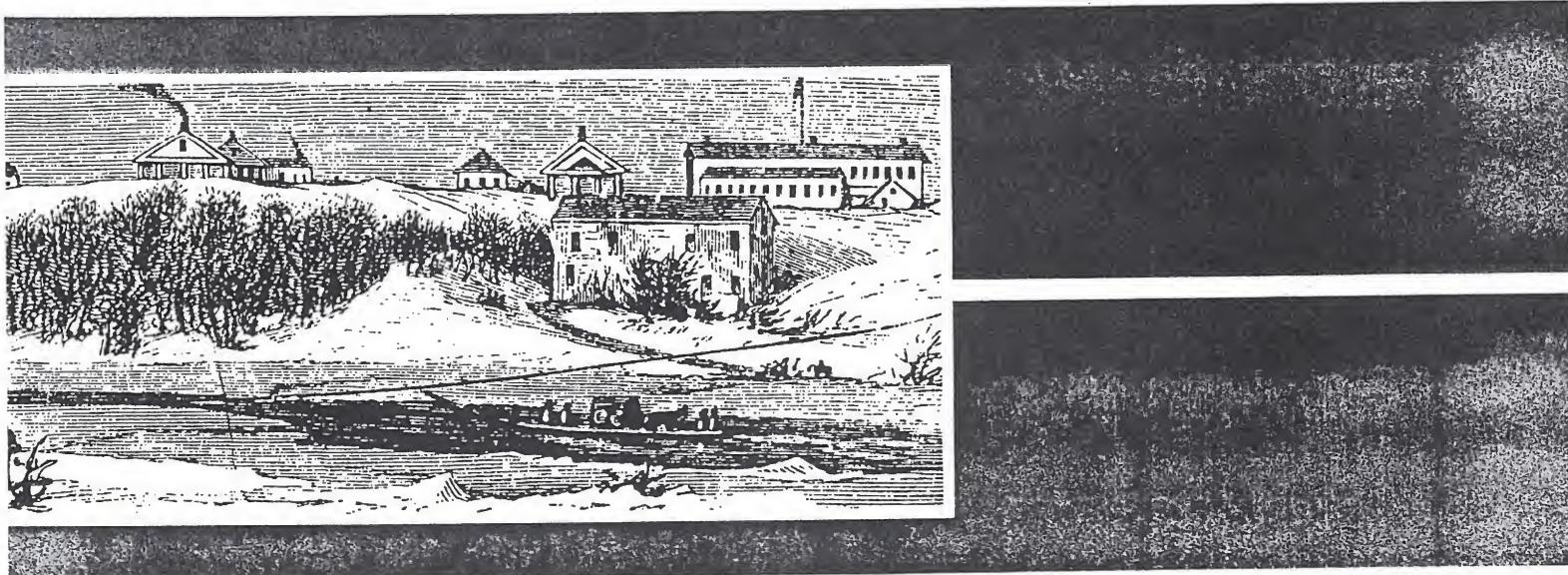
21st. This evening we have heard that my brother has been released. I hope I am thankful, but I don't know whether to wish him to come home or not. I fear for him here, but my children are so sick. Herbert is worse still and Clara is very sick this evening. What shall I do for them? Everything that happens now is fitted to make us feel our dependence on the Lord Jehovah as we never have before. May we indeed feel it, and have grace to trust in Him fully. He is able to save to the uttermost.

They have sent to take Sally from me. I can do nothing to keep her. She will have to go. A great many of the medicines were taken from my brother's office today, but if they have released him perhaps they will restore his property. We hear that the Confederate Army has taken from Gen. McClellan, a train of Wagons Thirty miles long, and 1000 Cannon. Also killed Sixty Thousand men! (What monstrous lies!) Oh for peace. Many of the Confederate soldiers say they long to get home again. I do feel sorry for them. May the time soon come when they shall have no more fighting to do.

I must try to go to Gibson tomorrow. I am so distressed for my little Herbert. Must he be taken from me? Oh God, Thou art full of Mercy, Thou doest all things well. If he is taken, it is from the evil to come.

Sabbath, 24th. What a Sabbath has this been. I was very tired and Herbert so very fretful that I could do nothing but fuss with him all day. My other children have been almost wholly neglected. Oh that I could teach them some good. I went to Gibson, saw my poor brother, and it makes me so sad, so sad, to think of him there, along with such a herd of

wretches, guarded like a criminal, with no comfort at all. Oh I am afraid he can't stand it long so, and yet there seems no hope of relief. The report that he was set free was not true, nor likely to be. I went to see Col. Cooper myself, across the Arkansas in Rolly McIntosh's house, and he told me he could not answer for his life, if he should set him free because of the state of feeling in the country. Yet they all say they can find no charge against him, only that he has confessed that his preference of opinion is for the North. There is no charge on which they can even find a trial, (Oh this free and happy country). The constant prayer of my heart is, Oh God send deliverance. He can keep him safe and deliver him right speedily. My poor brother! I shall try Col. Cooper again, at least to have him better treated. They say that since McClellan's Army was cut to pieces, Lincoln has called for 300,000 more men and that three States, (Illinois, Pennsylvania, & another) have refused to answer the call. Also that Memphis and Baton Rouge have been brilliantly retaken by the Confederates. A soldier told me today, that the Chief's daughter declares, that her father was taken off by the Federals, by force — against his will entirely. A Lieutenant died, down where the soldiers are camped (near Mr. Murrell's) and was buried in our graveyard yesterday. A brother was since laid by his side. They say that the Southern Army will very soon be compelled to go on Northern soil to get anything to eat. Stand Watie has been elected (by who?) Chief, Sam Taylor, second Chief, S. Foreman, Treasurer. Are now making new Laws. 31st. Another week has past since I have written here. The weeks seem like months in this time of suspense. It is very hard to believe that it is only two weeks since the Army was established here. The troops have moved to Tahlequah now to guard the



A. Dr. Daniel Dwight Hitchcock. Photograph courtesy of Oklahoma Historical Society.

B. Stone barracks, Fort Gibson.

C. Watercolor, by J. Baker, titled, "Fort Gibson", is thought to be the old dilapidated post hospital.

D. Engraving of Fort Gibson.

Council in its deliberations. I hear of only one Law, as yet which is a Conscript law — compelling boys & men from 16 to 35, into the Army. Oh the Cherokee people are ruined. I have been to Gibson again — had the pleasure of seeing my dear brother in a comfortable pleasant place. He is on parole — staying at Mr. Kerr's. I hope I am truly thankful, that in the midst of affliction and distress there is still mercy. They visited the Office again and carried off all the medicines, everything valuable. So now if we are sick we must suffer for want of medicine as well as for attendance. God only knows whether br. D. D. can ever regain what he has lost. So much. But I hope he is able to feel — "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

This week brings another story (which is the true one) about the 300,000 more Troops. Lincoln called for them to be ready by the 15th of this month, and was getting them without the least difficulty. The report that Baton Rouge was retaken is contradicted. Also the last Confederate Gunboat, Arkansas was sunk. Five Cherokees were condemned for desertion, and shot at Tahlequah, "before the command" Friday evening. James Pritchett has been killed. Captain Benge was wounded last Sabbath. (He died in middle of Winter after.) A great many soldiers are sick about here and a disease like Small Pox is spreading among the Choctaws across the Arkansas.

I begin to hear now, that my poor husband was killed by the "Pins," but through mistake intending to kill another man. If it was a mistake 'twas a terrible one for me. It is strange, very strange anyway.

My little Herbert has been better the week past, I begin to hope again that he may recover.
September 1st. We have had such very quiet times today, it makes one dread what may be to come. It seems like the calm before a storm. Oh how I long to know what next will happen here and what is going on in other parts of the Country. But I try to believe that all will yet come out right. I know that it must be right whatever the result. But it seems long to wait in such suspense. I am so cast down, so discouraged, I dont see how we are to live, — and my children — I am not training them up as I should. I do not pray half enough for that grace which alone can help me, and I fail every day and every hour. Oh for strength of mind, and of body too.

[9] - 5th I have had a hard turn of sick-headache which has made me useless for two whole days. Oh what a worthless life I do live. I do not make the effort that I might, to do something. Teasle (the Dr's horse) came home the other morning, was allowed to stay and be petted two days & nights & then, today, they sent and took him off again. Mr. Hitchcock went along to see Col. Cooper about it. But although he had told me himself that the Dr.'s property was not confiscated, that it was taken without orders from him, yet today he referred the matter to Hindman, who is at Tahlequah, and they decided that the horse was confiscated — anyhow, "they wanted him to haul cannon and couldn't give him up." Poor Teasle.

7th This is the ninth Sabbath that I have been a widow. Two sad, weary months. How many times in past days, have I wondered what my future would be — wished that I could have some idea. But oh I did not think it would be as it is. Left a widow, at twenty-eight, with five children growing up around

me, and oh, most dreadful of all, by dear husband murdered. Oh the bitter, bitter repentance for my unkindness to him. I might have done better, have grieved him less. But the only comfort is, he is happy now, he sorrows not now for anything I have done, nothing can dim the brightness of his crown of rejoicing, in the presence of that glorious Redeemer whom he loved here and now loves in perfection. Oh may I be forgiven, & enabled so to live and so to train our precious children that we shall at last join him there. He loved his children so, never a father better loved his children, I love to think of it, but oh how we miss him. God be merciful to us, and help us.

This weary weary time of War. Will the suspense never end? I know not what is to become of us. Famine and Pestilence seem to await us. We can only stand and tremble, and dread what next may befall us.

On the night of the 31st of July, rather, the morn. of the 1st of August, our house was burnt down,*³ that was the first great trial that my husband was not here to share with me. But truly I hardly felt it a trial, so very little did it seem compared with what I suffered in losing him in such a terrible way. Oh for grace to submit in a right spirit to every trial. I believe my heart is almost dead within me. 10th I have been once more to Gibson, found my brother well and cheerful. The other prisoners had been sent off to Ft. Wachita [Washita] nearly 200 miles, on foot. *⁴ Oh how thankful I was when I heard it, that he was not with them. May a merciful Father in Heaven still preserve him from all evil. Today I went to the Printing Office. I did not know before how completely it had been cleared out. The Press, Types paper & all carried off. By Watie's men, with the help of the Texians. We hear today that the "Pins" are committing outrages on Hungry mountain and in Flint, robbing, destroying property & killing. It is so dreadful that they will do so. Last week, some of Watie's men, went and robbed Rosses place up at the mill; completely ruined them. Alas, alas, for this miserable people, destroying each other as fast as they can. My heart cries "Oh Lord how long?" "Oh our God, send deliverance." "Make haste to help us, Oh God for our salvation."

The troops have mostly left Tahlequah, for Maysville, and Grand Saline. We have now only to wait as calmly as we can, and see what will happen next. I do hope the suspense will not last much longer.

14th Sabbath once more. I have worried through the day with my children, trying to keep them from evil and to teach them some good. But oh how poorly do I succeed. It seems almost impossible to make any impressions on their minds. Only, for my oldest daughter I must have some hope. She seems to be conscientious, anxious to do right, and usually gentle and obedient. Oh that she may be indeed a lamb of the Saviour's flock. Mr. James Ward has been murdered, and Mr. Bishop taken and carried off. Oh I do hope that they will do no harm to that good man. May God preserve his dear servant.

William Spears was killed some weeks ago. His wife has been searching, until yesterday she succeeded in finding part of the bones and the remnants of his clothing. It is said that they told him to pray, and that he did so, and was kneeling in prayer the second time when he was shot. Perhaps in that last

hour he found mercy for his soul. We heard today that the Osages had taken six Federal prisoners, and that they escaped last night, hand-cuffed.

Friday 19th. To Gibson yesterday and back today. It seems that I can go for company better than anyone else and I am far from unwilling, more especially as I think it is a great help to Herbert to take the rides. He has improved very much. We found br. D. D. well, and certainly in very good spirits considering the circumstances. His mother thinks he keeps up much better than she can. I trust we are thankful that we have been spared so far as we have, while so many have been robbed of everything.

The Federal prisoners that escaped were five Texan Deserters and one "Pin." They have not been retaken. It is reported that there is a force of 30,000 Federals at Springfield [Missouri]. Also 2000 Indians & 400 Federals on the "Neutral Land." Battles expected. Confederate soldiers called up that way. From a paper that was said to be going the rounds at Gibson, a terrible battle in Virginia, Federals driven clean out of the State. 90,000 Federals killed, & 50,000 Confederates. Rev. S. Foreman and family left their house & home last Monday, Sept. 15th intending to go to North Fork, Creek Nation. I hope they will find better friends among the Creeks.*⁵

20th A company of soldiers with Johnson Foreman for guide (I suppose) went down to Alex. Ballard's and took his wheat, yesterday. Leaving none for his family to live on except one barrel of "seed-wheat." They reported that the "Southerns" had driven the Federals out of Ft. Scott [Kansas] and taken it, and that they are now crossing the Missouri river. So they will very soon be established in St. Louis, I presume!

I went today to help get a load of wood, which makes me remember my husband with renewed sadness as I think how I know that he would never consent while he lived that I should do such work. Oh the sad sad changes that this year's course has brought to pass.

24th Hauling wheat *⁶ and bolting Flour, this week. I begin to find out what it is possible for me to do. Mrs. W. Chamberlin was here today. She had heard that we were going away and hoped to send some word to her relatives. So she had a long hard ride for nothing. On horseback carrying a baby four weeks old. She said that at home and on the way she heard that a Battle was in progress, and "the Federals were whipping the Southerners all to pieces," but when she got to this neighborhood, she heard that the Southerners were whipping. Oh when will we hear anything decisive. Mrs. Lipe was here— She says the poor soldiers are dying every day at Tahlequah— Night before last one in delirium of Fever, walked off a Portico from the second story, and lay there till morning. He died the next day. One of John Hicks' children died this week, the oldest.

Sabbath, 28th. Oh how my heart has longed for my husband today. It is terrible, this bitter longing. I have been sick for several days and today, when Sabbath came felt utterly unable to attend to my children. Poor children, his children, that he loved so much and now he is not here to attend to them when I am sick. I dont know what I should do if it were not for the love and sympathy of his sister Sarah. I feel that I have her love, and look to her

for sympathy and never fail to receive it. She is far kinder to me than I deserve. Oh my precious husband, are you allowed to know how it is with us, to see how all these trials shall end in good at last? May the Lord grant that he may still watch around us, and be to us a "ministering spirit." Mr. Daniel Ross' little boy died two nights since at Gibson, & was buried down here, yesterday. Sometimes I think it would be better that mine should be taken now. I do so fear that some of them may fail of being saved at last. Oh God will Thou have respect unto Thy covenant, deal not with them according to my unfaithfulness, but according to Thine infinite mercy through thy dear Son our Saviour.

Another little boy of John Hicks died soon after— then his mother, then Mary's youngest child. (Jane Hicks Stapler's brother John). He and Charlie, and Daniel are also in the Federal Army now.

We are still in suspense in regard to the state of our Country. It does seem so long, so long. It is supposed there is fighting going on near Ft. Scott but what is coming to pass we cannot tell. We hear entirely contrary reports within the same day. At one time that the Southerners are retreating at another that they have the Federal Indians entirely surrounded, in a hollow, with no possible chance of escape for them. One thing that appears to me to betoken something — they moved the sick from Tahlequah to Gibson, yesterday.

During the last week the Pins came upon 11 of Col. Buster's men who were robbing corn, killed one, wounded one, took 8 prisoners, took all their horses and one team of mules, and threw all the Corn back into the crib. Were gone before the rest of the command came up.

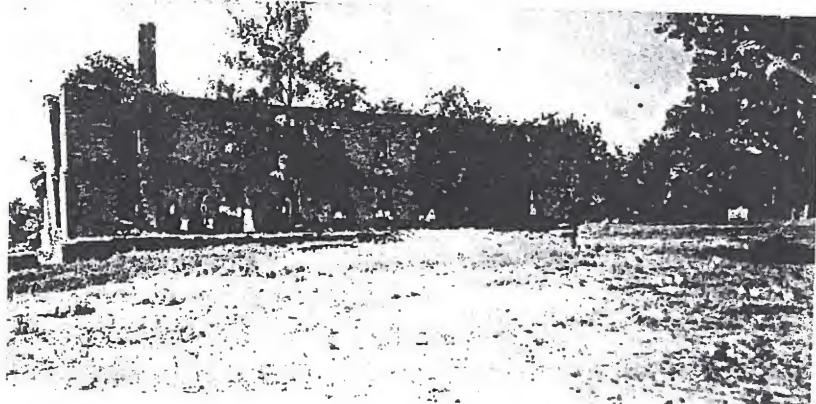
Mon. October 6th. I have seemed to have nothing to write here for many days. Have been to Gibson again in the meantime but it is still suspense, nothing occurring worth noting down. Today a report has come that there has been a fight, and Cooper has whipped the Federals all to pieces. 2,000 Choctaws alone, fought bravely for hours, and beat out the Federal Army, took all their train, 100 prisoners, killed a great many & lost 20. Last week it was said there were 6000 Federals a little beyond Cooper's Camp and two Brigades which — "they dont know where they are." A paper from Topeka - Kansas, was at the Choctaw Camp — which gave an accurate description of Gen. Cooper's Camp in the corner of Missouri — Cooper is made Brigadier Gen. Pike, Major General.

I have begun today to wean Herbert hoping it may do him good, as he has been much worse again for several days.

Oct. 22. I have been sick, so I have written nothing for a long time. Now, Cooper's Army has retreated in all haste, the Federals came upon them at Maysville after they had retreated there & thought themselves safe. They came through Tahlequah last night and it is said the Federals, if they choose, can be there tonight. Now if we can only hear from Gibson. 'Twas expected that a force would come in there at the same time, but what has happened, we cannot know yet. Oh may a merciful God direct all aright. I know that He will, but oh for trust in Him. I hope we will soon know what our fate is to be. May God preserve us all.

27th. No relief yet, but tonight we hear by a "Pin

Ruins of soldiers' barracks at Fort Washita. On September 1, 1865, the night after Confederate soldiers evacuated the post, settlers living in the area, fearing the sturdy buildings would become an outlaw stronghold, put them to the torch.



woman" who has come in, that the Federals are at Beattie's Prairie, preparing to come. She says she was run away from here at the time they came shooting the "Pins," & has been out ever since. She is just now trying to get home, as she says they are getting cattle together, and when they are ready they will come quick. Repeating several times, "there are so many and they will come quick."

Colbert came along tonight also. He made his escape from the C. S. A. at Gibson some weeks since, and told me tonight how he managed it, rubbing his hands in great glee at the thought, as well he might, after having been told that he should be sent off in irons the next day, "to Ft. Washita to be shot." The other prisoners were sent the next day, and nine, I believe were shot. Colbert said that a runner came in at Gibson last evening, saying that a force of 5000 Federals were coming down at a Creek near L. Ross's on Grand River. If that be so, they must intend coming in at Gibson at the same time the other force comes in here. He said the report made a "mighty stir among 'em" there, that they were mad — greatly enraged against the Northeners, and that they were shooting & "going on" at a great rate today. He thought there must be a company of them drunk. I don't place much confidence in his word, but still it has damped my pleasure and filled me with anxiety lest they should do some mischief before the Federals get here, more especially as Gen. Cooper is very sick. But "the Lord reigneth." "He is able to save to the uttermost," and oh may He preserve my brother.

Teasle has come home once more. I hope they will let him alone this time, but the poor fellow has been branded for the Confederate service. I do hope the next I have to write here will be something decidedly good. Oh my husband, why could you not have been spared to see this country settled in peace. It is supposed that Mr. Bishop was killed. Truly the ways of God are past finding out. We cannot see why two such good men as my husband and Mr. B. should have been allowed to be murdered and have their poor wives and little ones left helpless. For myself, I do feel that it is a judgment for my many repining thoughts. Oh may I lay it to heart and never cease to repent in dust & ashes, never cease to feel humbled that perhaps, I may not have to

suffer further chastisement. Oh if I did not know that he is perfectly happy, that no shadow of trouble can reach him now there would be no comfort for me. Alas this dreary dreary winter that I am to struggle through alone. Oh! God be merciful.

November 7th. After all our expectations we are still in doubt and fear & suspense. Though the Federal scouts have been about here, & though an Army has been within 18 miles, they have all gone back to Bentonville and we are left again. We are having bitter experience of that "hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick." Sick indeed our hearts are. How dreadfully we felt yesterday as we watched Col. Watie go by with a body of men & we didn't know what they might be intending to do. As there was a large encampment of "Pins" down at the river, we supposed they had come intending to surprise them. But so far as we can learn to-day, they passed around the neighborhood and went away again without doing any mischief. "The good hand of our God" was with us, and we were once more preserved in the midst of danger. Let me still trust in Him. Tuesday this week, Nov. 4th, I went (with sister N.) up to Spring Creek, supposing the Federal Camp to be within a day's ride, but we rode all day without seeing a single person, and were obliged to come home the next day disappointed.^{*7} The Pins have been robbing some of their enemies. S. Foreman's house here, and Mrs. J. Foreman, Mrs. Lipe, Mrs. Jesse Wolf, & Mrs. Tyger, at Tahlequah. I am sorry they will do it, though no one can be surprised at it. Well once more I will wait, trying to hope for some good thing though it is hoping against all hope. I do so long to know what has happened at Gibson, as some of the worst of Watie's men have been there this week. But wait we must.

8th. Today we hear that Watie's men declared their intention to come back and rob every woman whose husband has gone to the Federals, and every woman who has Northern principles, which would include us of course. Our only hope is in the Great Jehovah. 9th Sabbath. Oh how little like the Sabbath it is, when instead of going quietly to the house of God, the country is full of bodies of soldiers passing along. Yet today we almost forgot the day in rejoicing that at last friends have come again. Col Phillips' Brigade, mostly Cherokees have come. The first intimation we had of their approach was the arrival of Sarah's husband, Lieut. Stephens. Tomorrow they expect to go to Gibson, so we hope brother D. D. has before him only one day more of durance. Once more we have been delivered. I hope we will all feel whose hand has ordered it, and be truly thankful. "Praise the Lord Oh my soul." If they now succeed in holding the Country, as no doubt they will we may hope for more quiet times. Oh if we can only have protection.

11th. Col. Phillips got some information which caused him to change his route and go from here to Webber's Falls. So they have not yet visited Gibson. We had an exciting time when they passed here, 2500 of them, all mounted. It was indeed a glorious sight to us who had been so long looking in vain for friends to come. Mrs. H., sister N. & I went to Gibson yesterday anyhow. An enemy had been there who would gladly have murdered brother D. D. if he had dared, but a merciful Providence was still watching over him, and the presence of Capt. Miner,

(a Confederate officer who has been sick there for some time,) restrained the enemy so that he did no mischief. My brother has been most faithfully taking care of Capt. Miner and his reward was, partly, in being preserved.*⁸ Oh what cause we have for gratitude and praise. So many deliverances, so many mercies.

16th. Sabbath again, and I have spent this day in travelling myself. Started Friday to go up to Evansville, hoping to see friends there, but yesterday, before we got there, met the Southern Army — from three to five Thousand strong so concluded to get back home as soon as possible. Took another road and got home safely this evening. I feel that we have great cause for thankfulness, that we were not molested. Tonight that Army has camped within a half a mile of us, and oh what a medley of discordant sounds they make. We feel ourselves to be in great peril, and can only pour out our souls in prayer to Him who alone is able to save us. As we heard the other day, of Southern men in Federal disguise coming down Grand River, the Dr.'s mother went in haste after him, and brought him home, so now we feel that he is again in extreme peril. I can only write once more, may God in mercy preserve him. How different — how different our feelings tonight from what they were a week ago. Our friends come and make us glad, then leave us again to misery & despair. Why is it so? They seem to have been chasing the Southerners all the week, first from Webber's Falls, from Evansville, then from Cane Hill yesterday morn. when they run down here. They travelled very fast are without a provision train, and are killing cattle hogs & sheep at a great rate. I expect many of my cattle will go. But oh I will be so thankful, if only they will not molest my brother again, or rob our houses. How shall we escape, "Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defence is sure."

I did not write, that I received (by Major Martin) a letter from sister Ann Eliza. It was sweet indeed to see her handwriting once more, and to read such warm expressions of love & sympathy. She knew my husband for what he was, an humble, trusting disciple of Jesus, and it was sweet to read what she said of him. She had just heard of his death. We heard also that Mr. Bishop was not killed, but after being abused a great deal & kept prisoner a while, was released and has gone with his family. I am thankful to know that the "Pin Cherokees" are not guilty of that one sin. For oh how much they have done. They have utterly ruined many, many families. I dont know what can become of them this winter. It is pitiful, pitiful to see the desolation & distress in this nation. Poor ruined Cherokees.

17th. Today we have had experience in being robbed, as I expected. As soon as it was light they came and begun. They took many valuable things, and overhauled every closet, trunk, box, & drawer they could find. The leaders were Cherokees, those who have often eaten in my house, some of them. When sister N. went and reported to the Gen. (Gen. Marmaduke) he sent a guard at once, ordered them all away, & made them return what they saw. But the most valuable things, are gone "for good."*⁹ Still I can rejoice oh, I am so thankful, that life is still spared, that they did not find my brother. The hand of the Lord was in it, and officers were sent

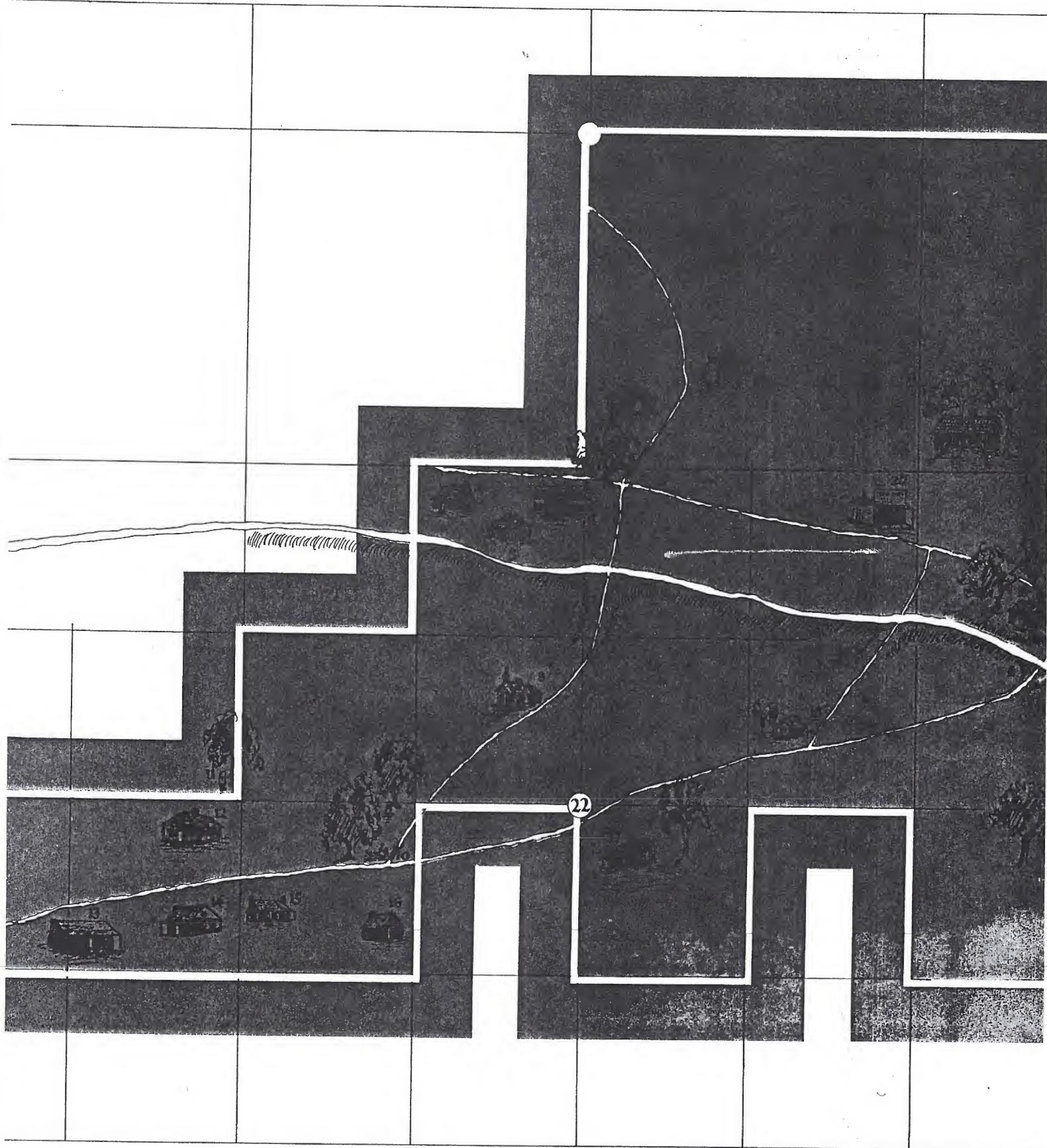
there by Him in time to make the robbers keep away, so they did not search the house as they did here. Still one of Watie's men, a white man, lagged behind, and swore that he would "knock them all to pieces," unless they gave three blankets, to himself and two others. Poor Teasle had to go again. The Confederate brand sealed his fate. I begin to think that we have no true friends at all. The Federals come and give us good words, then pass right on & leave us to a far worse fate than would have been ours if they had not come. When shall we be delivered. Yet tonight I feel that I can still say, "Praise the Lord oh my soul," for in the midst of trouble & distress there is still such great mercy. This morn. we saw the Southern army pass, on the very same road where, exactly a week before, we had watched the Federals pass, with joyful hearts. What next will we see?

Mrs. Emma Gunter died at Gibson night before last, (15th of Nov.) she was to have been buried by the side of her father but they have not come. Her husband is away with the Federal Army. Death, death, who of us shall next be taken. May we all be ever ready. (She was buried there on Tuesday the 18th).

December 7th. It is long since I have written here, but I will try once more. On the 5th of this month brother D. D. started for the Federal Camp, being taken by Lieut. Stephens, who was here with 100 men. The Federals are now at Cane Hill where they had a battle a week ago with Confederates, in part, at least, the same that passed here at the time I was robbed. The Federals chased them as usual, Southern loss between 50 & 60. Federal, less than 20 I believe. But one Lieut. Colonel of Kansas Reg't. was killed. They were expecting battle again with large forces. We will wait anxiously for further news. Oh that this dreadful War may very soon be ended. That friends may dwell together in peace once more, and the Sabbath be again devoted to the Lord, to whom it belongs. We wait the time longingly.

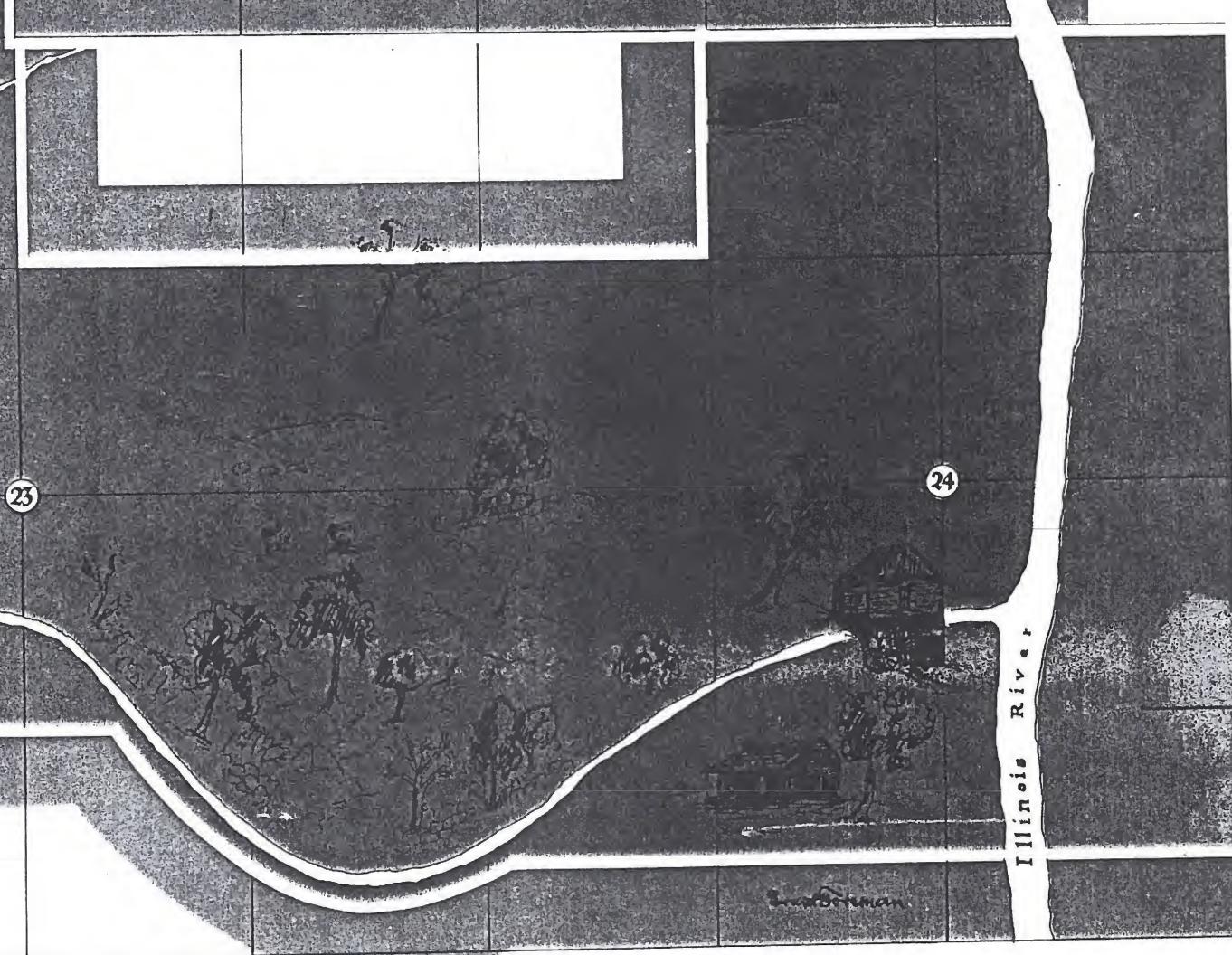
9th. We heard yesterday that five of "Livingstone's men," with two or three of Watie's, were at Gibson, professing to have orders from Watie & Cooper to rob the wives of all union men and to arrest for the Confederate service all boys and men between the ages of 14 and 50. The order for robbing union women of all their property, they said they were going to execute yesterday at Gibson. Also it was said that Cooper & Watie had orders to meet last night at Sam Adair's in Flint and to move up along side of the Federal Army. We will see.

10th. Poor old Teasle has come home again. He was taken by one of the Federals on the battle-field at Cane Hill, and when his master went with them he got them to let him go, as he was very poor and lame. He has gone through many adventures. Night before last, (Dec. 8th) we were astonished to see Mr. D. Palmer. He had come from Ft. Scott, alone, except one boy, has gone again, I suppose first to see his family. We very much feared to have him go so alone, but he seems to know no fear. We hope no evil will befall him, and that we shall soon see him again to be assured of his safety. He brought letters and papers from I. B. Hitchcock, which we were very glad to see. He (I.B.H.) had received letters from a number of friends, and sent them on for us to read. Among the rest one from sister A.E.

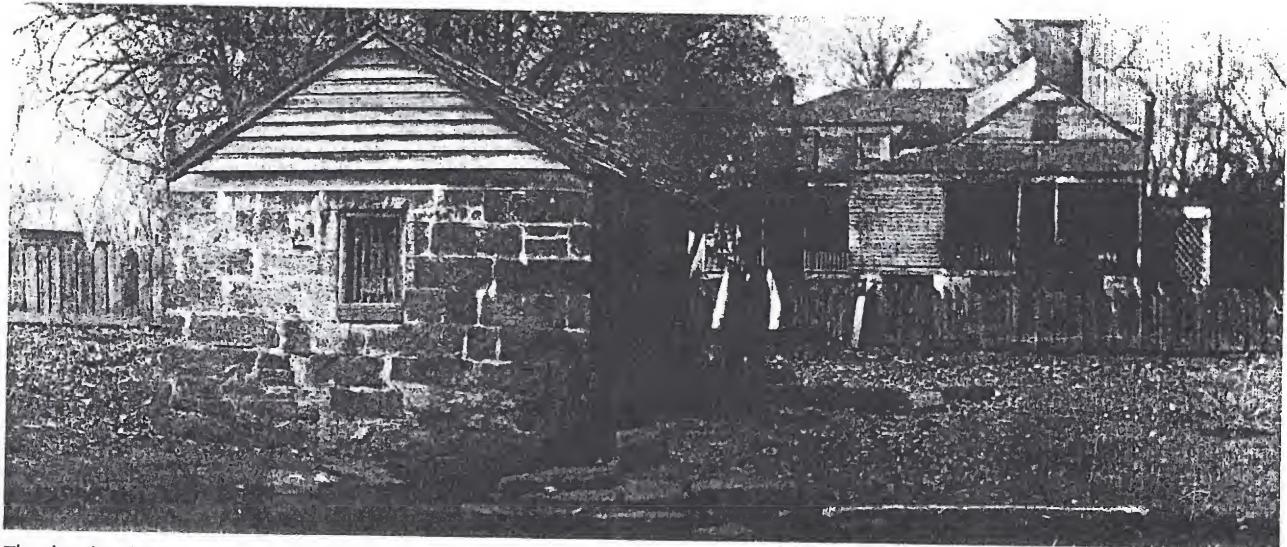


MAP OF PARK HILL, BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

1. Cherokee Female Academy.	11. Rev. Stephen Foreman's church.
2. Home presented by Chief John Ross to his daughter, Jane.	12. Printing office of Rev. Samuel A. Worcester.
3. Store of R. J. Meigs.	13. Home of Jacob Hitchcock.
4. Home presented by Lewis Ross to his daughter Minerva, first wife of George M. Murrell.	14. Home of Rev. Samuel A. Worcester.
5. George M. Murrell's store and Park Hill post office.	15. Home of Stephen Foreman.
6. George M. Murrell's second home, "Hunter's Home."	16. Stephen Foreman church.
7. Tree under which Confederate treaty was signed between Albert Pike and Cherokee Indians.	17. Eliat Boudinor home.
8. Park Hill Mission Church.	18. Arch Campbell home.
9. Mission cemetery.	19. Home of Cherokee Chief, John Ross.
10. Where Elias Boudinor was assassinated.	20. John Ross' store.
	21. R. J. Meigs' home.
	22. Home of Lewis Ross.
	23. Home of William P. Ross.
	24. Saw and grist mill erected by William P. and D. H. Ross by 1850.
	25. Store of Lorenzo Delano & Company.



Adapted from *Advancing the Frontier, 1830-1860*, by Grant Foreman. Copyright 1933, 1968 by the University of Oklahoma Press.



The back of "Hunter's Home," photographed by Jennie Ross Cobb sometime between 1896 and 1906. In the foreground are Park Hill Creek, the Murrell spring house, Jennie's father, Robert Bruce Ross, and her sister Ann. Murrell, himself a Virginian, married into the Lewis Ross family. His wife left the house with her aunt and cousin

in 1862, to join her husband who had returned to Lynchburg. The Murrell home was spared the fiery fate which many other homes met, survived the ravages of time, and is today all that remains of old Park Hill. From the collection of Lee and Mary Elizabeth Good.

who has moved to Illinois, and one from brother Leonard, which I was particularly glad to see as we had heard nothing from him since he left Kansas a year & a half ago, almost.*¹⁰

11th. We hear that there was a battle last Sabbath. (Dec. 7th), that 300 Federals were killed, and many were taken prisoners, but that the Southerners retreated. Probably the story is not all correct. I do hope we will soon hear directly. If there are as many as 300 killed on either side, it must have been a heavier battle than they have had for a long time in this part of the country. We hear also that Watie's men have begun to kill women and children, that four women & some children have been killed near Ft. Smith. Oh I hope it is not true. Mr. Palmer does not appear again yet. Perhaps he has gone to the Federal Camp.

13th. Mr. P. came last night. He found his family well & doing well. Every other family in the neighborhood had been robbed, but Mrs. P. escaped, though several bodies of soldiers had camped there, Watie and his men camped there a week ago, and she entertained him. Mr. Willey has been robbed several times, and by both parties till he is just "cleaned out." Jesse Russel was killed by the Pins about a week ago. He had once been with them, but left them & joined the Southerners. They said "they had waited long for him to come back to them, but he didn't do it, & they had to hunt him up as a deserter." So they took him off in the mountain and killed him. His body was not found for three or four days. Albert Barnes, was arrested by Southerners and taken to Ft. Smith. Mr. P. heard by way of Ft. Smith, of the battle, that they had been fighting hard for two days, & had whipped the Feds twelve miles!

18th. After hearing many contrary reports about the battle, we have at last heard directly, Mr. Kerr came by today and brought a letter from D. D. H.

Oh are we not glad to hear the truth, and thankful thankful, to know that he and all our friends are safe. The true account is, that Hindman was terribly defeated, loss 3000 at least. Federal loss, killed wounded & missing, about 900. An armistice of twelve hours was granted them, to take care of their wounded, but they improved it in running away and when the time for firing again came around, their Artillery was 20 miles away. The Federals are still burying the dead, and providing for the wounded, who are dying fast. Stories came before, that the Federals were beaten, with loss of 8000, and many cannon. N.B.—Hindman wrapped the wheels of his Cannon with straw & quilts to prevent being heard on his retreat, and afterwards forbid any man to tell of it, on pain of being shot. But it is known all over the country.

People in Tahlequah were rejoicing greatly over Hindman's victory saying the "Federal families in the Nation were going to see sights," and planning a great dinner & a candy-pulling for "Watie's boys." But Mrs. Lipe, it is said, "has turned Federal." No doubt she sees that the cause of Secession is failing fast. It is said too, that Mrs. Holt, at Webber's Falls, doesn't "praise up" Gen. Marmaduke as she does Col. Phillips, for his (Gen. M.'s) men robbed her of 1000 Dollars worth of property, while Phillips prevented his men from robbing her of household property, though she is a raving Southerner and her daughter started off while they were there, intending to give the alarm across the river. But they saw and stopped her. Day before yesterday 16th, we heard of Watie's running with all his might travelling night and day, in fear of being cut off by a force of Feds. He did not go to help in the Battle, but staid about in Flint doing what mischief they could, till danger came, & then away they went. Oh dear. (20th) what Alternations of hope and fear we are compelled to go through: Yesterday (19th) we heard — first, that Watie's men were coming, to rob, they were starving

& were coming to rob something to eat. Next, that they were at Mrs. Patrick's robbing her, and would be here that evening. That, they had shot at Tom Ore six times, & he had been seen running from them with all his might. Then, when we were just beginning to hope that they might not come here at last, we heard that they had taken Mr. Kerr & his son, & that a company had passed Mrs. Nave's. So we expected them every minute, & busied ourselves in trying to save a few things, that we would suffer most to lose. But they did not come. We spent a restless night, most of us not undressing at all. Mother and Mrs. H. will not get over it for a month.

Today we hear that there were 125 men in company, that they divided & one party went up the river where they met & captured Mr. Kerr, while the others came by Mrs. Nave's, & perhaps a third party in a different direction. They met at Tahlequah, and there insulted Mr. K. very much stripping him of his clothes & putting on rags taking his hat, gloves, & boots, & finding two letters. Put on an old piece of a hat & stuck a feather in it, using much abusive language. We very much fear they have killed him before now. They went on, declaring their intention to go as far as Maysville, but it is supposed they turned back & went round, perhaps by Gibson. They went up to rob Mrs. Reese, but were ordered off the place by Lieut. Parks who was commanding. He also prevented them from coming to rob us, as some of them were very anxious to do. John Foreman, Bruce Bean, Bill Parrot, & Bill Turner were in the company. They told Polly Webber that 2000 more were coming right on, & were going to take everything we have, turn us out of our houses, and drive us North.

23d. We heard nothing more of any importance till today, when seven of the company that passed Friday came to our houses to get dinner. The whole company is again in the neighborhood, but we do not hear that they have robbed any houses. John Foreman was along today, and we did not think we should be troubled by a small company that he was with. They were all very civil & well-behaved except that Charles Pettit used profane language in the house at Sarah's. They all said that Mr. Kerr had escaped. Some think it is not true, that they have killed him, & tell that to hide the truth but I hope it is true. I think we will know before long if he has escaped. (It proved true.) They said they sent his son home this morning. We keep hearing every day almost, that the Federals are coming, but they come not. Mr. Palmer left a week ago tonight intending to go first to Grand River (where he had left some things) and from there to the Federal Camp. We want very much to know whether he got safely through.

25th. Foes and Friends! Yesterday Col. Phillips passed again, with a large force. I spent last night in the Camp, six miles from here on the road to Gibson, having gone there to see Col. Phillips, to beg him to find some way of deliverance from the dangers that surround us when the Federals are not here. They have gone on today, earnestly hoping to come up with the enemy and to capture some wagons. The Col. said he could not tell whether he will even come back this way or not. But he seemed to wish to help us, if he could. Perhaps we will have to leave here in a few days. Oh how hard it will be to leave,

and yet how hard to stay here in this way. May we be directed aright. D. D. H. was with them, so we have seen him once more.

27th. Today we hear that Col. Phillips had sent a flag of Truce to Col. McIntosh of the Creek Regiment and was crossing over to the Creek Agency this morning, expecting to make a Treaty of peace with them. I hope that he may succeed in that.

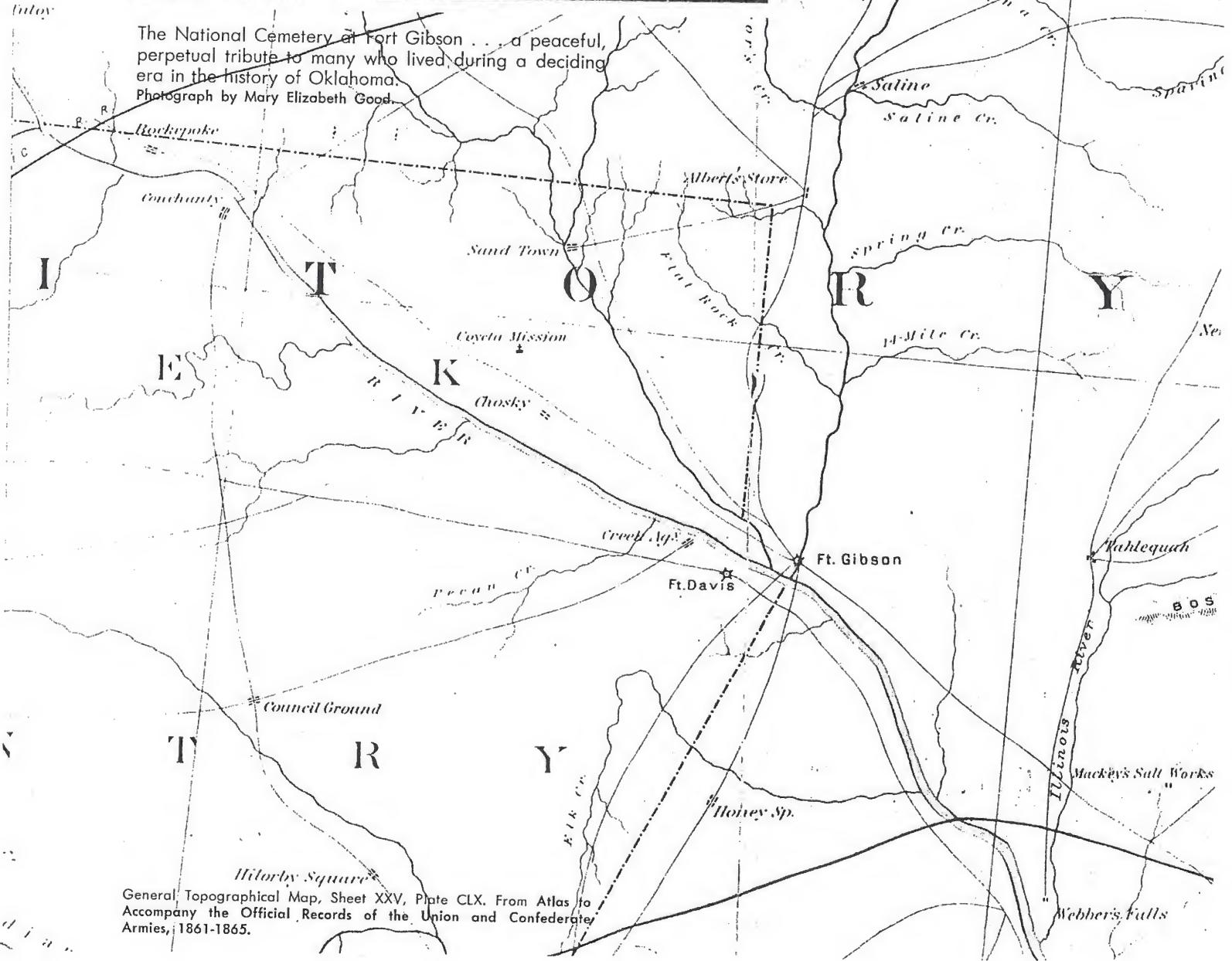
January 4th, 1863. We have entered upon a New Year, and are so far left in peace. I hope we are thankful.

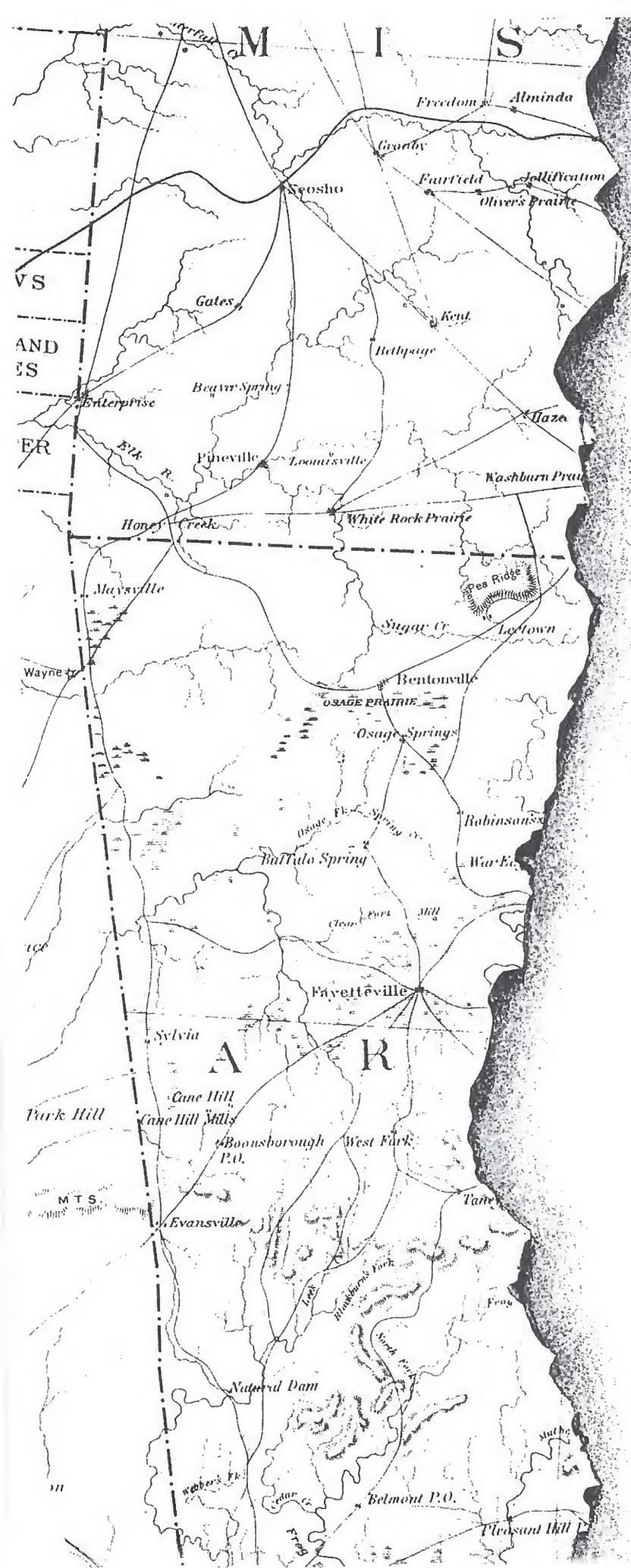
Last Sabbath morning just after sunrise, Col. Phillips' Army came in sight again. It proved that his negotiations with the Creeks had been very suddenly cut short, by peremptory orders from Gen. Blount, to return forthwith to head-quarters. So they hastened by — only brother Dwight, Col. P., & a few others, stopping for breakfast. They supposed that there was another Battle pending. It was understood that Gen. Johnston had come to take command of the Southern Army in place of Hindman (who has been superseded since the Battle at Cane Hill, named, Battle of Prairie Grove) and that he (Johnston) brought reinforcements of 8000 men. We have waited a week since they left here, and have heard not a word what has become of them. It seems a month rather than a week. Sarah Stephens, with her children, went with them. Her husband came with a wagon for her, and she found she must go. It was hard to part with her, but I suppose it is best so. Nancy stays for the present. The black women both started and left us without any help, but "Aunt Edie" lost her horse, & had to come back — which I consider as specially ordered by a kind Providence. We have heard nothing the past week except by Capt. Gunter's black man, Dred, who made his escape fr. the Southerners, & was about here a day or two. He reported Van Buren & Ft. Smith in the hands of the Federals, taken without the firing of a gun. Also that they had taken two steamboats loaded with Corn while the Confederates burnt two others. That Cooper had left for parts unknown. How much is true, we cannot tell.

9th. We have heard from Mr. Palmer at last. Mrs. Allen Ross has been up to the Federal Camp & returned. She said that she saw Mr. P. there limping round, having been shot in the leg. He first lost his horse, then fell in with a company of "Bushwhackers" who killed the man who was with him (Lewis Hildebrand). As they took them to the side of the road, they ordered them to strip, when H. began to beg for his life on his knees, & they shot him through the head — Seeing which, Mr. P. began to run, and they fired many shots after him, He fired back — killing one man, and when he came to a little hollow — lay down & covered himself with leaves, & they passed on without finding him. He made his way to the Camp barely with his life. Mrs. Ross said our friends had moved camp to Elm Springs, which is some 10 or 15 miles farther from us. And when they will come again, is entirely uncertain. Daniel Ross who lived on Salisaw, died there very suddenly on New Year's night. Another family left without a provider. The Federals had been to Van Buren & Ft. Smith. Burnt some public property, took what they wanted, Sugar and other things — and took 300 men prisoners. Then left the places and went back to Camp.



The National Cemetery at Fort Gibson . . . a peaceful, perpetual tribute to many who lived during a deciding era in the history of Oklahoma.
Photograph by Mary Elizabeth Good.





21st. No cheering news from friends yet. But the other day we heard that Waties men were all on this side the Arkansas, that Jim Butler with a company staid over night at Scrimshier's place, a week ago now. That he said, property had been respected, hitherto, but now they should respect nobody's property. Also that the Federals had all gone back to Springfield, & that Hindman had left 10,000 men at Van Buren and had gone in pursuit of them, (the Federals). It was said that Col. Phillips had gone to get his Regiment enrolled as Cavalry. And that when the Federals went to Van Buren, the Confederates took everything they had except their horses, and so they left in haste, leaving the Cherokees & blacks at Rhea's Mill with nothing. Such are some of the delightful stories we hear. A couple of women left the Federal Camp on Sabbath morn. (this is Wednesday) and got here Monday eve. They said they were at some Town beyond Hildebrand's Mill. As the traveling is very bad, we think it cannot be very far. But of our particular friends, & whether there is any hope of their coming — we know nothing. The women said that part of the Cherokees had gone North to meet a large company of soldiers, of another tribe of Indians. We have had rain, snow, & cold weather a plenty, for a week past, which may have helped to prevent both friends and enemies from travelling. Today it is clearing off pleasant and warm again, so we would not be surprised to have a visit from some of Watie's men any time. But I try to hope for the best. Have just been making me a pair of cloth shoes to help me along a little. In the cold stormy weather had to chop & carry wood, all that I could endure (which wasn't much.) We had no wood & nobody to get it but Percy, but on Sabbath, the black men brought me a little. Oh sad times, when it comes to hauling wood for me, on the Sabbath.

29th. My birthday — I am 29 today, but it seems as though I had lived many years in the last one. We have come to such times as I never thought to see — and no prospect for a living ahead. But I must try to trust myself and my children in the hands of Him who has preserved us hitherto. We know not what next will become of us. I fear that I shall never even see my husband's grave. Oh I do so long to go there, to see where he is laid, at least, but it is impossible. It is a comfort to know that he is not distressed now by anything that we may have to suffer.

Last Saturday, (21st) Lt. Col. Downing, with two or three hundred men — came down to bring Flour for the needy. An eager crowd of hungry women & children soon gathered to receive it. They staid only over one night, and sister N. E. B. went with them. So we separate, perhaps never to meet again in this world. Oh this cruel War. Sarah Stephens had gone to Neosho, Mo. Nancy will try to join her. We supposed brother Dwight had come with them, but were sadly disappointed. Mr. Palmer came, almost one raised from the dead — so narrow was his escape. He hobbled along on a stick, with the ball in his leg, with nothing to eat but one ear of corn for four days, (walking 60 miles). Has now gone home to see his family, I fear, is again in danger. Our friends were camped at Camp Curtis, near Maysville, (Confederate Camp Walker.) But

SPECIAL ORDER.

SPECIAL ORDERS |
NO. 15 |

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY IN THE FIELD, }
TALEQUAH, C. N. Sept 3, 1862. }

1. Cherokee and Cherokee citizens, now absent from their homes, and who shall return to the same on or before the first day of October, 1862, and there remain as peaceable and loyal citizens, will be fully protected by the Confederate States, both in their persons and property, against all injury and molestation whatsoever.

Provided, however that this order shall not extend to persons who held office in the Confederate service and deserted to the enemy, nor to persons, who have been actively concerned in fomenting disaffection among the Cherokee troops or people; nor to persons who have killed, or been concerned in killing, any citizen of the Confederate States, or of the Cherokee Nation.

2. Persons desiring to avail themselves of the protection hereby offered must appear before the nearest Provost Marshal, who, if not of their own District, will send them to the Provost Marshal of the District in which they reside, and he will swear them to be faithful to their treaty obligations, as allies of the Confederate States, and not to leave their proper Districts during the war, without a passport from the Provost Marshal thereof. Having done this, he will give to each of them a certificate of the fact, which will entitle them to protection, while they conform in good faith to the oath.

3. To enable them to execute this order, and to maintain peace and good order in their respective Districts, each District Provost Marshal is hereby authorized to receive into the Confederate service one company of mounted Partizan Rangers, to be composed of men not subject to other military duty, and to consist of not less than twenty, nor more than eighty men; of which companies thus received the District Provost Marshal will be Captain. The organization of such companies will be the same as that of other Confederate troops, and they will be governed by the same regulations and receive the same pay, for the time actually served. But one commissioned officer will be allowed for every twenty men.

4. All Confederate Officers are hereby instructed, when called on, to afford to the several District Provost Marshals such assistance as may be required to enable them to perform their duties efficiently.

5. The following persons are hereby appointed Provost Marshals of the several Districts, to wit:

Saline and Coo-we-skoo-we Districts, Wiley Vann.
Delaware District, Anderson Springton.
Going Snake " G. W. Starr.
Talequah " James Sanders.
Flint " Walter A. Duncan.
Se-quo-yah " G. W. Gunter.
Illinois " Daniel M. Gunter.
Canadian " John Vann.

6. Provost Marshals, and all other officers, are particularly instructed to prevent the pillaging of the houses, taking the horses, and injuries to the crops and other property of all citizens of the Nation, whether absent from their homes or not. In every case where such acts are committed, they must arrest the offender, and turn him over, for trial, to Col. D. H. Cooper, commanding Brigade. If resistance is offered, they must use the force necessary for overcoming it, even to the extent of taking life. Col. Cooper alone is authorized to cause private property to be taken for the public use, and such authority must always be in writing, with instructions to the officer taking the property to give duplicate certificates of purchase to the owner or his agent; or, if the owner be absent, to place certificates in the hands of the District Provost Marshal for the owner's benefit.

Where private property has been improperly taken, and can be found, the District Provost Marshal will cause the same to be restored to the owner, or, if the owner be absent, will take the same into possession, and report the fact to Col. Cooper.

7. In all cases where citizens are arrested, charged with disloyalty, they will be turned over to the nearest Provost Marshal, who will hold them in custody, subject to Col. Cooper's orders. The severest punishment will be inflicted upon those who may undertake to punish such persons without fair trial, by court martial or military commission ordered by Col. Cooper, or the Maj. General commanding.

By Command,

MAJ. GEN. HINDMAN,
J. P. WILSON,
Maj. & A. A. Gen.

PROCLAMATION.

TO THE CHEROKEE PEOPLE:

Maj. Gen. Hindman, who has command over Arkansas, Missouri and the Indian Country, has issued an order, by which he invites absent Cherokees and Cherokee citizens, with certain exceptions, to return to their homes. He promises them full protection, both in person and property.

I approve that order, and desire that it be faithfully carried out, in all respects.

Accordingly, as Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation, I do hereby require and command all citizens of the same to respect and sustain said order, in good faith, and to lend their assistance, when necessary, for carrying it into effect.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my
{ L. S } hand and seal.

STAND WATIE.
EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
Tahlequah, Sept. 3, 1862.

this week we hear that they have gone 15 miles further to Scott's Mills. They said they would be in again in two weeks with Flour. Col. Phillips now commands a Brigade & intends to keep this Nation clear of enemies. It is expected that they will move in here, early in March. There has been a terrible reverse to the Federal Army in Virginia, it makes one heart-sick to read of it, (in the papers which the Dr. sent down). We dont know what situation sister Mary may be in now, but it is impossible to communicate with her, Brother Dwight wrote that Blunt's troops plundered almost every house in Van Buren. She may have lost her all.

If the Confederate soldiers have the opportunity, they will most surely revenge themselves on us, for all these things. We hear that Jim Butler is still going about robbing, but they have not yet visited us. They, i.e., some of Watie's men, are expected in, to move away Southern (rather, Secesh) families from Tahlequah. If they come they will give us a call, no doubt.

Judge Brown, Hinman Hoyt, & William Ratliff had died at the Federal Camp within a week or two. Feb. 20th. Since I wrote here — Col. Phillips has twice again sent Flour for the suffering people. He is doing much for the Cherokees. A council has been [and] is now going on to decide some questions, on the relations of the people with the Government, I believe. William P. Ross and Lewis Ross are there, at the Federal Camp. Their families in Kansas, expect-

ing to come home this spring. Mrs. Col. Downing died last week. We hear that the Creeks of McIn-tosh's Regt. have nearly all joined the U.S.A. Mr. Loughridge thinks the Creek Nation has to be sifted before any more missionary work can be done there. Brother D.D.H. thinks some of the chaff was blown away when he (Mr. L.) left.

Mr. Palmer has been here again, after "lying around" home for more than two weeks, eating in the house only once & that the night before he left. Southern men were constantly hunting him. Mr. Willey hides out in the mountains in the cold and wet, nearly all the time. Albert Barnes came with Mr. P. He made his escape from the C.S.A. after being guarded at Scullyville for six weeks.

Have you heard that Ann Spears Ross, with one of her children — was killed, by Kechis, some weeks ago. Shot through with an arrow. The same party went to Mr. Archer's and were about to carry off Mary A. One was pulling & another pushing but her mother begged so hard they let her go. It is said they killed Ann because she would not go when they tried to take her prisoner. Mr. Archer was hid under the crib. The Indians killed a number of persons both men and women. There were some Osages, & one white man with them. It is a perfect marvel that Mr. Archer has escaped so long, without going clear off from home. (I meant to write this in another place.) ★

Art. III.

The above articles of Agreement, to remain and be in force and effect, until the meeting of the Grand Council to meet at Armstrong Academy, Cherokee Nation, on the 1st day of September AD 1865 and until such time as the proceedings of said Grand Council shall be ratified by the proper authorities both of the Cherokee Nation and the United States.

In testimony whereof the said
Lient. Col. A. C. Mathews and Adj'tant W. H. Ware
Commissioners on part of the United States,
and Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, Esq. and
Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation,
have here unto set their hands and seals.

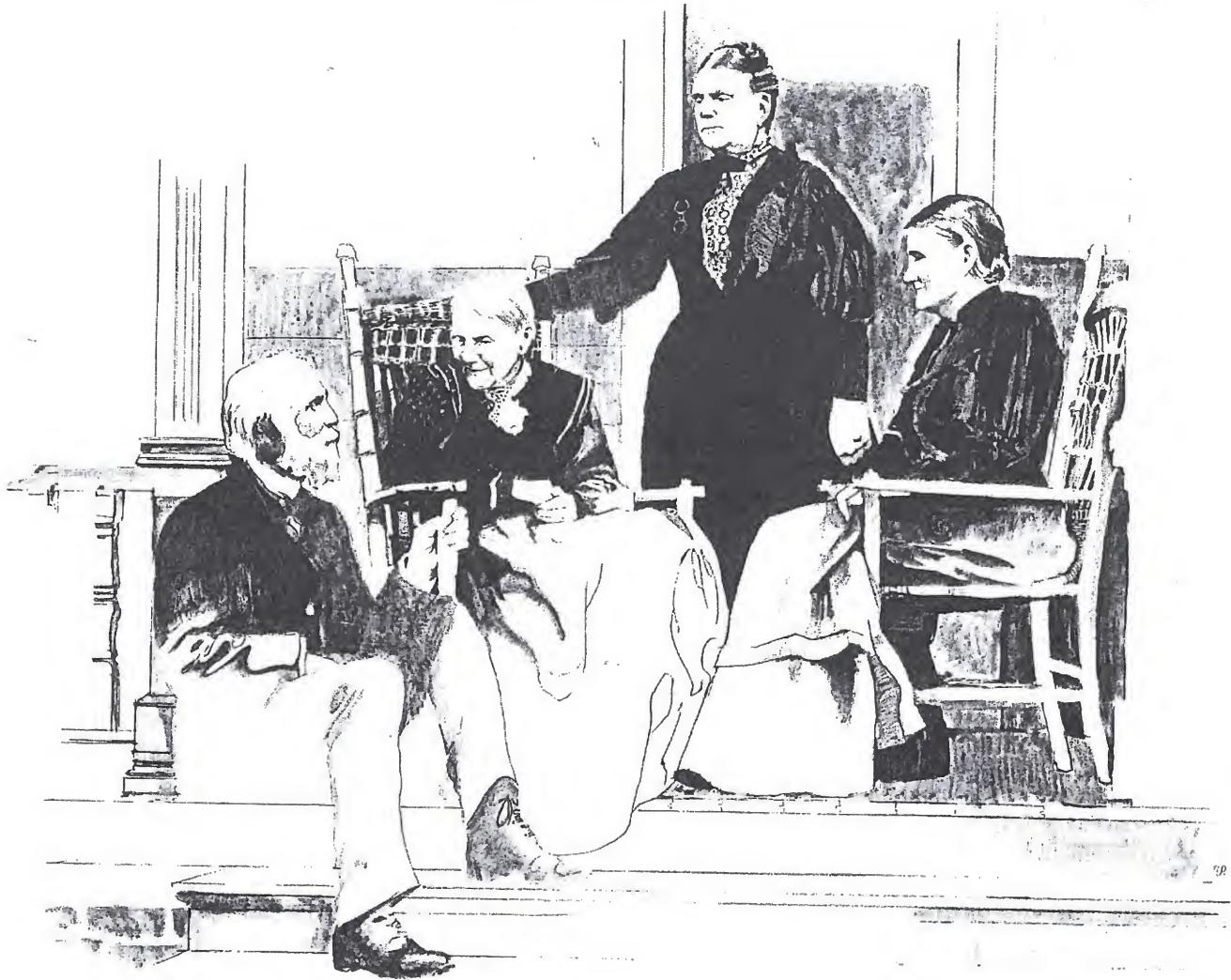
Signed:

A. C. Mathews
Adj'tant W. H. Ware adjt.

Stand Watie
Brig. Gen. Esq.
Principal Chief Cherokee Nation

Stand Watie, on June 23, 1865, surrendered to Union representatives at Fort Towson near Doaksville, Choctaw Nation.

The Civil War had officially come to an end.



Notes, for further information to sister Ann Eliza.

*1. My husband left home, and I saw him for the last time, (riding in his little wagon past the garden corner) on the 30th of June, anniversary of our dear Sarah's death.

*2. Col. Alexander, of Texas Regt. I received no answer whatever, though some of the other Officers who were here afterwards, spoke of having seen my name to that letter, and, I fancied showed me more respect on account of it. But they were very pleasant and gentlemanly men anyhow. The Col. himself plainly avoided speaking to me after, when I went for a pass to Cooper's quarters, telling the Lt. Col., Russell, to see to it. He, (Alexander) was evidently ashamed of himself I thought.

*3. It was supposed that the house was burnt down by the "Pins" under the mistaken impression that it belonged to Spencer Stephens who was living in it. He was then a "Watie man" & strongly suspected of being a Spy, but now (in February) is Acting Adjutant of 3d Indian Regt. U.S.A., and said to be a very good Officer.

*4. Mr. Clark, who was one of those prisoners, only got home last week, the middle of February. Was released some time ago, but afraid to come back.

*5. It was a great relief to us all to have Mr. Foreman leave. He was so dreadfully bitter against all Yankee sympathisers. We had been obliged to be-

lieve that he was, in great part, the cause of many of our troubles. Yet when he was in trouble he ran right to us for help. When he was hiding for his life, from the "Pins," he staid in the garret here, two or three days & nights. I made him a bed there, and carried him his meals myself. And every little while drew & carried up fresh cold water, for it was very hot. Yet the moment Southerners came about again, as soon as he could breathe freely, he was as bitter as ever again. The "Pins" about here took it into their heads that he had a hand in the murder of my husband, i.e. that he was "knowing to it," & encouraged it, and he was known to be a Southerner anyhow, and they would have killed him quickly if they could have found him. I do believe that his influence helped to cause the murder of my husband, and the arrest of brother D. D. You will think this dreadful, Ann Eliza, but, believe me, we have sufficient cause. Oh the fearful things that were spoken by him and his.

*6. That wheat, that Sarah, Nancy and I hauled from Mrs. Hoyts in the hot sun, was all taken, out of the crib, by Marmaduke's men. I suppose you have heard of Mrs. Hoyt's death — last July.

*7. We spent the night at Spring Place, in Mr. Ward's house, all alone had not seen one person, from the time we left home. So desolate is the

Leonard Worcester, Ann Eliza Worcester Robertson, Mary Eleanor Worcester Williams, and Hannah Worcester Hicks Hitchcock. From a photograph made by Robertson Studio, Muskogee, I.T., prior to 1905.

Unless noted otherwise, all illustrative material was derived from or taken directly from the Thomas Gilcrease Collections.

country, there was not a single house on the road, beyond Tahlequah where anybody was living. In the morning we went across into Mr. Bishop's house & to the school-house. Oh it was so sad to see that nice place so ruined & desolated. Perfect destruction all around, except that the houses themselves were not injured. The doors all open. Cooking stoves standing in the kitchens, with their furniture all gone. Chairs & bedsteads here and there, books & papers all over the yard and house, and floor covered deep in straw & feathers emptied out of the beds.

*8. That enemy was the notorious Cap. Jim Butler. Capt. Miner said he never saw a man worse disappointed than Butler was, to find him there. Miner is a young man brought up in Connecticut, schoolmate of Cornelius Boudinot. He was Judge Advocate in Cooper's Army, used his influence to have the Dr. paroled. Was one of the most pleasant men I ever met — to talk with, though, sad to tell, skeptical, and wicked. He was heartily disgusted with the Southern Army, but felt himself bound by his oath, to continue in it.

*9. So many, many things, the robbers took, that I would regret so much — if I felt that the loss of anything less than life itself, was worth regretting, now. About 3 barrels of Sugar all my nice blankets, most of my quilts, sheets, pillow-cases, towels, table-cloths. My teaspoons, all but one, oh, & that large, pretty, white Bedspread that Mrs. Ross gave me. So many little things that I most highly prized, out of my Bureau drawers, ribbon, sewing-silk, pins needles, thread & buttons. (The linen sheet & table-cloth of our mother's weaving.) Little boxes, of letters &c, my mantilla, Calico woolen stuff, & white cloth that I was saving to make up, & part of my under-clothes & stockings, with the children's new shoes, their little shawls, &c. From mother, they took some blankets, one shawl, her shears, (mine also) and her best shoes, all, and some other things. If the officers had not made them return some things, I and my children would have been left utterly destitute, for they had bundled up all our clothing of every kind. My knives & forks, & large spoons were returned. They opened and overhauled your letter box, which was under my bed, took some letters, and some little things of Mrs. Vann's that I had put in to save. Mr. Foreman had some things

left here, to save them from the Pins. They tore the trimming off Susie's bonnets, and broke open a chest which was locked, and took what they pleased. We heard soon, that they were directed here by Mrs. Johnson Foreman, which was true. They drove off nearly all our cattle, but most of them got away & came back. One of the oxen was gone a week. The Texans broke up three yoke of oxen for me, killing one of each pair, for Beef.

*10. We heard from Leonard for the first time by Col. Phillips, in Nov. He told me that he saw him at Lawrence, on his way to Kentucky. He was acquainted with him there in 1855. Leonard gave him a history of his adventures with the Southern Army and his getting away. Col. Phillips wrote the account in a letter to Gen. Fremont, which was published in the New York Tribune. The Van Buren people got hold of it, insisted that Leonard himself was the writer, and would gladly have killed him for it.

The night after my husband left home for the last time, just after I had gone to bed I saw a man (by the lightning was flashing constantly) trying to raise the window of the corner room. I lay & watched, till I saw him plainly, standing, & trying the window. Then I called to Jess and Joe, in the dining-room. They run out and insisted that I should get a gun, in the corner of my bedroom. As I thought it would do no harm to give the man a fright, I went to get it, and as I raised it, the trigger caught, and the gun went off, so close to my head, that I felt the warmth of the blase against my ear. That was the beginning of terror & sorrow to me. I never saw my husband to tell him of it. And there have I staid alone with my fearful thoughts ever since. I thought so much how he would feel to hear of my narrow escape, but oh, it was only like a warning of what was to come to him. That night only the first of the many through which I should lie and start up many times from a dream of guns firing, at him & at myself.

Peter Rasson is in the Federal Army, as perhaps you know. Since he joined, his father, his wife, and his brother Stephen, all have died.

You have heard before this time I suppose, though you had not when you wrote to I. B. Hitchcock, of Mr. Winslett's death. Caused by living in Camp. Perhaps you have heard that the Dr. was with him, & that he died peaceful and happy. ★

Stephens was orderly of Company "G." In 1869 he became superintendent of education in the Cherokee Nation.
Mrs. Vann: Probably Arminta Ross Vann (Mrs. James Springton Vann).

James Ward: Apparently a missionary or teacher at the Moravian Mission at New Springplace. His wife was Esther Hoyt, sister of Rev. Milo Ard Hoyt.

Mr. Willey: Worcester Willey, a missionary of Dwight.

Battle of Cane Hill: East of Cane Hill, Arkansas, November, 1862.

Battle of Prairie Grove: December 11, 1862, Prairie Grove, Arkansas.

Beattie's Prairie: Site of the Battle of Fort Wayne to which Hannah refers in her October 22 diary entry. Beattie's Prairie is just west of the Oklahoma-Arkansas line near Maysville, Arkansas.

Dwight Mission: With the removal of the Arkansas Cherokees to their western home in 1829, Dwight Mission was also moved. Log buildings at the settlement of Nicksville on Sallisaw Creek were purchased from Col. Walter Webber and the school opened May 1, 1830. The location is near the present Marble City, Oklahoma, formerly Kedron.

Elm Springs: Twelve miles north of Fayetteville, Arkansas.

Fairfield Mission: Established in 1829, the site is in Adair County, six miles southwest of Stilwell. The Presbyterians operated this mission as well as four others including Park Hill, Dwight, and one at Lee's Creek near the site where Abijah Hicks was murdered.

Flint: Now present-day Stilwell, in Adair County, Oklahoma. The post office was established at Flint August 1, 1846 and on May 12, 1896, it was moved three miles north and the town name changed.

Fort Gibson: Established in 1824 a few miles above the mouth of Grand River, it was the first post in Indian Territory, and for many years it remained the most important fortification on the western frontier. It was at Fort Gibson that Jefferson Davis resigned from the United States Army, later to become president of the Confederate States.

Fort Washita: Established in 1842 on a site recommended by Zachary Taylor, Fort Washita was abandoned by Union soldiers on May 1, 1861, after Confederate forces captured Fort Smith. It was occupied by Confederate soldiers throughout the war, maintained principally as a supply depot.

Grand Saline: Near present-day Salina in Mayes County, Oklahoma. Lewis Ross moved there from Park Hill around 1845 and built an impressive mansion which Hannah mentions as "L. Ross's on Grand River."

Hildebrand's Mill: On Flint Creek, just north of the present town of Flint, Delaware County, Oklahoma.

North Fork: North Fork Town was an important Creek settlement. The site is two miles east of Eufaula, McIntosh County, Oklahoma.

Rhea's Mill: A few miles north of Cane Hill, Arkansas.

Scrimshner's Place: M. M. Scrimshner in 1858 lived on a farm near Fort Gibson. In a letter, December 27, 1864, W. P. Ross writes from Fort Gibson: "Mrs. Scrimshner's house is used as a guard house in which prisoners are kept."

Scullyville: Former capital of the Choctaw Nation, the site is located in Le Flore County near Spiro, Oklahoma.

Spring Place: A Moravian mission station established in 1842 at the head of Spring Creek. Although Hannah refers to the mission as Spring Place, it was generally known as New Spring Place. The site is near present day Oaks, Delaware County, Oklahoma.

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APPENDIX

Brief identifications of a number of individuals and places mentioned by Hannah in her diary, or in the accompanying material.

Ann Eliza: Hannah's oldest sister taught at Park Hill Mission before her marriage to W. S. Robertson, a teacher stationed at Tullahassee Mission in the Creek Nation. Ann Eliza also served as a translator there. The Robertson's second child, Alice Robertson, became the first United States Congresswoman. Ann Eliza Robertson is reportedly the first woman to receive an honorary Ph.D.

Mr. Archer: Edwin Archer, a printer for Reverend Worcester. Married to Mary Frances Vann in 1846, he became associated with printer John Candy at the mission press. Thousands of the Park Hill Mission Press books bore his name as printer, a number of which are in the Gilcrease Library. Mary A., mentioned in Hannah's diary, was the Archer's daughter.

Albert Barnes: A well educated man, having attended Dartmouth and probably the Cherokee Male Seminary, he was the son of Thomas Barnes and Mary Foreman.

Mr. Bishop: Probably a teacher at New Springplace.

Blunt: Gen. James G. Blunt, Commander of the First Division, Army of the Frontier, U.S.A.

Cornelius Boudinot: Nephew of Stand Watie.

Brother D.D.H.: Dr. Daniel Dwight Hitchcock, graduate of Amherst College and Bowdoin Medical School; born at Dwight Mission, Dec. 19, 1822.

Col. Buster: M. W. Buster, a Lieutenant Colonel in the First Brigade, served under Brig. Gen. Douglas Cooper in 1862.

Charlie and Daniel: Sons of Elijah Hicks and Margaret Ross Hicks, sister of Chief John Ross. Brothers of John Ross Hicks. Jane Hicks Stapler, their sister, was married to John W. Stapler whose sister, Mary Bryan Stapler became the second wife of Chief Ross.

The chief's daughter: Probably Jane Ross Meigs Nave, daughter of Chief Ross, who married Return Jonathan Meigs. After his death, she married her cousin, Andrew Ross Nave. John Mix Stanley painted Mrs. Meigs and three of her children during his stay in Park Hill.

Gen. Cooper (also mentioned as Col. Cooper): Douglas Cooper, former Chickasaw-Choctaw Indian Agent, who, at the time of Hannah's diary was in command of Cantonment Davis, C. S. A.

Lt. Col. Downing: Led an Indian regiment (U.S.A.) during the Civil War. Upon the death of Chief John Ross, August 1, 1866, he served as Principal Chief until October 18. At the expiration of the term of Chief William P. Ross in November, 1867, Downing was elected to that office and served in that capacity until his death in November, 1872.

John Foreman: Probably John A. Foreman, a son of Rev. Stephen Foreman.

Johnson Foreman: A son of John Foreman and Ruth Springston Foreman, a nephew of Rev. Stephen Foreman. His wife was Elizabeth B. Mann.

Stephen Foreman: Son of Anthony Foreman, he was born near the present site of Rome, Georgia, October 22, 1807. He was graduated from Union Theological Seminary in 1835. During the Removal, he was in charge of a party of 921 emigrants who arrived in Indian Territory in 1839. Rev. Foreman settled in Park Hill and is chiefly remembered for his work with Reverend Worcester as a translator for the Cherokee publications of Park Hill Press.

Gen. Fremont: Gen. J. C. Fremont, U. S. A.

Mrs. H.: Nancy Brown Hitchcock, mother of Dr. Hitchcock.

Hindman: Gen. Thomas C. Hindman, C. S. A., in command of the Trans-Mississippi District, which included Indian Territory, at the time of the Fort Wayne, Cane Hill, and Prairie Grove campaigns, all of which are referred to in Hannah's diary.

Hinman Hoyt: Son of Milo and Lydia Hoyt who was the daughter of Cherokee George Lowry. Milo Hoyt's father was a missionary at Dwight Mission. Abijah Hicks purchased a servant, Sophy, from Lydia Hoyt in 1853 at Park Hill and this document, witnessed by Reverend Worcester, was donated to Gilcrease Institute by Mr. and Mrs. Homer W. Hicks, along with Hannah's diary and other documents.

Jess and Joe: Probably servants of Dr. Hitchcock.

Mr. Kerr: Probably Frederick Augustus Kerr, husband of Louisa Jan Coody, a niece of Chief John Ross.

Leonard: A younger brother of Hannah, born at Union Mission in March, 1836, he was sent east in 1852 to attend a college in New England. A leader of a Union Regimental band during the Civil War, he later became superintendent of Tullahassee Mission.

Mr. Loughridge: Rev. Robert McGill Loughridge started Koweta Mission in the Creek Nation in 1843 and later served at Tullahassee Mission along with W. S. Robertson and his wife, Ann Eliza Worcester Robertson. Rev. Loughridge's sympathies were with the South.

Gen. Marmaduke: John S. Marmaduke, a Missouri West Pointer, was assigned by General Hindman in November, 1862, to command the Confederate cavalry on the march to Cane Hill and Rhea's Mill in Arkansas.

Gen. McClellan: George Brinton McClellan, born in Philadelphia, December 3, 1826, was well educated and a graduate of West Point. He fought with the North and was described by one biographer as the man "who saved the Union."

Col. McIntosh: Col. Daniel N. McIntosh was in command of the First Creek Regiment, C.S.A.

"Rolly" McIntosh: Roley McIntosh was Chief of the Lower Creeks from 1821 until 1859. Upper Creeks, mostly composed of full-bloods, were allied with the Union forces. The Lower Creeks or McIntosh faction went with the South.

Capt. Miner: F. W. Miner, Captain, C.S.A.

Mother: Erminda Nash Worcester, second wife of Samuel Austin Worcester. Hannah's own mother, Ann Orr Worcester, died in 1840, a few hours after the birth of Mary Eleanor. In Hannah's diary, Ann Orr Worcester is referred to as "our mother."

Sister N: Also called "sister N.E.B." In the diary and by her given name, Nancy, she was a sister of Abijah Hicks and Sarah Hicks Stephens. Nancy Hicks was the wife of Sebastian Boynton. During part of the war, she lived with her sister, Sarah, at Park Hill Mission, while Spencer Stephens was in training for service in the Union Army.

Mr. Palmer: Sometimes called "D. Palmer" or "Mr. P.", this is David Palmer whose family lived at Dwight Mission and later at Park Hill.

The Pins: An organization made up of full bloods, and also known as "Keetoowahs", under the leadership of the Rev. Evan Jones and his son, John. Members of the Society were aligned with the Union forces and were called "Pins" because they wore crossed pins on the lapel of their coats for identification. The departure of Evan Jones, and of Chief Ross (who, in July of 1862 was arrested by Union troops and escorted, with his family and official papers of the Cherokee Nation, to Kansas and then to Washington and Philadelphia) resulted in the loss of their steady influence and the Pins began raiding and looting homes of Southern sympathizers.

William Ratliff: Married to Miss L. J. Scales of the Cherokee Nation at Park Hill.

Mrs. Ross: Probably either Mary Stapler Ross, wife of Chief John Ross, or Mary Jane Ross, wife of William P. Ross.

Ann Spears Ross: Wife of William Coody Ross, a brother to "Daniel Ross on the Salisaw", a nephew of Chief Ross and a son of Andrew Ross.

Mrs. Allen Ross: Formerly Jennie Fields, married Allen Ross, a son of Chief Ross.

Daniel Ross's little boy: This was probably Edward Gunter Ross, son of Daniel Hicks Ross and Catherine Gunter Ross.

Lewis Ross: Brother of Chief John Ross and Treasurer of the Cherokee Nation. He was the father of Amanda Murrell, Mary Jane Ross, and Armitia Ross Vann.

William P. Ross: Son of John Ross' sister, Elizabeth Ross and John Golden Ross. His wife was Mary Jane Ross, daughter of Lewis and Fannie Ross. W. P. Ross' mother and his sister, Eliza Jane, occupied the Murrell house during the war. W. P. Ross was the first editor of the Cherokee Advocate and was twice elected Chief of the Cherokee Nation after the Civil War. Their first home was in Park Hill, later they moved to Fort Gibson.

Jesse Russel: An interpreter for Rev. Charles Torrey, missionary among the Cherokees. Russell's Indian name was Gaysquani.

Lt. Stephens: Spencer Seago Stephens, a half-blood, was born in 1837 and was a graduate of the Cherokee Male Seminary. He married Abijah's sister, Sarah Rosalie Hicks. When the Third Indian Home Guard was mustered into the service,

EPILOGUE

Two months after the last entry in her diary, Hannah watched the "Stars and Stripes" raised over Fort Gibson when the post was reoccupied in April by Union soldiers, the Indian Home Guard, under Col. W. A. Phillips.

Union troops remained in control of this military establishment throughout the remainder of the war; for a time it was renamed Fort Blunt. Confederate Cantonment Davis was in ashes, put to the torch by Colonel Phillips and his men on the 27th of December, 1862.

Still the Cherokee Country was not safe from raids. "This war had wrought great changes in the situation of all persons and things in our unfortunate country," wrote William P. Ross in August of 1863, "and when its ravages are to end none can foretell . . . Gibson is nearly used up, the fences have been burned and the two block houses torn down and used in other fortifications."

Years of war unfailingly exhaust the energies and resources of a people and a land. There comes a time when spirits are as tattered as clothes and as hungry as the stomach. Only weeds and undergrowth flourished, along with hates that mounted under the pressure of a people divided.

The "Secesh" made raids so often that "summer and fall and had committed such depredations by burning, shooting, and robbing," that Reverend and Mrs. Hitchcock and others determined to leave at the first opportunity. "We had long been feeling that we must leave our adopted home and country, but we had no means of our own to help our exit, for horses were lawful plunder at all times and we could not keep one however much we needed them" recalled Nancy Hitchcock. "About the first of November, a Government train came down with supplies for the Fort and we improved the only opportunity we had of fleeing from murder and oppression, and so with only three hours of sunlight, we threw a few things together and left early the next morning, November 9 . . ."

Their party included David Palmer and family, Hannah's stepmother Ermina Nash Worcester, Mary Covell, and "Dwight's little motherless Laura."

"Dwight was in the army and could not come with us . . . Mr. Palmer took all the care and responsibility of seeing us somewhere. Poor Hannah we had to leave with her five fatherless little ones because they could not come at that inclement season for want of suitable clothing and because she knew not where or to whom to go. She is still living in Dwight's house with none to help or comfort her but her almost helpless children. She has to go to the Fort for her monthly rations in the only mode of traveling, an ox wagon."

It was eighteen miles to the fort: "It would take three days to go after supplies," remembered Edith Hicks, "and we children would have to stay alone while

Mother and Percy, my twelve year old brother," made the wearying trip. "Some Secesh would come in the night after they learned Mother had been to Fort Gibson . . . and they would make her cook their supper. I have seen her stand over the stove and cook the last bit of bacon and we would have to go without."

Hannah eventually moved her family to Fort Gibson, sometime in 1864 and, on December 22, married Dwight Hitchcock who was Assistant Surgeon at the post.

A letter written by W. P. Ross a few nights later describes conditions there: ". . . Everything has been much changed by the destroying hand of War . . . but few men remain at their homes . . . nearly all the farms are growing up in bushes and briars, houses abandoned or burnt . . . some idea of the great and melancholy change which has come over our once prosperous and beautiful country . . . livestock of all kinds has become very scarce . . . We have not a horse, cow or hog left that I know of. Condition of a great many . . . though some few have a yoke of oxen or a mule . . . great increase in the number of wild animals. The wolves howl dismally over the land and the panther's scream is often heard. Bears have often been seen in the Bayou Manard mountains within ten miles of here . . ."

After the war, the Hitchcocks remained at Fort Gibson. An epidemic of cholera swept the community during the summer of 1867 "and a great number died, both in the town, and among the soldiers. Dr. Hitchcock was very efficient, and was kept busy both day and night visiting and giving treatment to soldiers and citizens alike," remembered Emma Hicks. "He realized that he was in great danger of being stricken himself, and gave my mother instructions as to what steps to take in case he was a victim, leaving her the medicine to be administered as speedily as possible; as he expected, he eventually came down with the cholera himself and, in spite of all that could be done for him, he passed out very quickly, leaving my mother again a widow; into their home however had come a little daughter, to brighten their lives for a short time;" just a little over two months after Dr. Hitchcock died, "the little 'Daisy,' whom we all loved, followed her father" to the burial ground.

"Thus, was more grief and trial added to my mother's already heavy load to carry, but through all her trials and afflictions she still trusted in God, and taught her children to believe and trust in Him. The more I think about her, as the years go by, the more I feel that we did not realize what a brave and good woman she was, and how much sorrow and grief she was called upon to bear.

"After a lingering illness, she died in her home at Fort Gibson, January 12th, 1917, and is buried by the side of Dr. Hitchcock, within the Officers' Circle, in the National Cemetery, by orders from the War Department."★

